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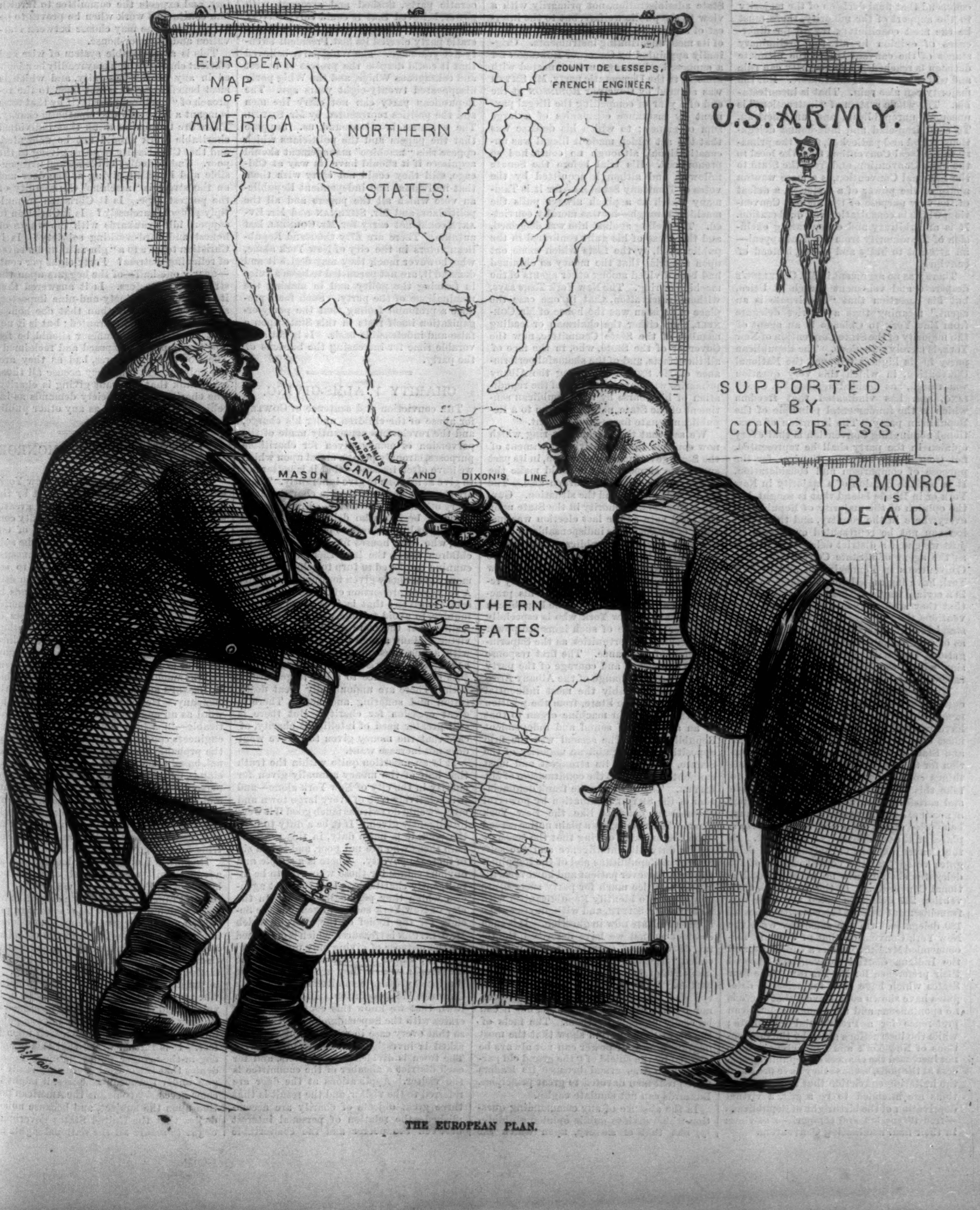
EUROPEAN MAP OF AMERICA
COUNT DE LESSEPS, FRENCH ENGINEER.
NORTHERN STATES.
ISTHMUS OF PANAMA
CANAL
MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.
SOUTHERN STATES.
U.S. ARMY.
SUPPORTED BY CONGRESS
DR. MONROE IS DEAD.
Th. Nast

THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 13, 1880.

☞ *With this issue of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive No.* 18 *of* Harper's Young People, *a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

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THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

It is plain that in the ultimate decision of a party upon its policy or its candidates, the majority must rule. Nobody denies it. But it is equally obvious that to commend that final decision of the majority to the support of the minority, there must be the most conciliatory regard for differences of opinion in all the preliminary stages of the canvass before the ultimate decision is reached. The majority can rule and will rule. That is undeniable. But the majority can also ruin. That is incontestable. The whole system of "instructions" is unsound, unrepublican, and un-American. To send iron-clad and hide-bound delegations, yoked and padlocked, from the primary to the local Convention, from the local to the State Convention, and from the State to the National Convention, is a mere wanton abuse of the power of a majority, a defeat of the very purpose of the highest Convention, which is consultation and deliberation. It is an arbitrary and exasperating exclusion of the minority from the final appeal—an attempt to bully and coerce, instead of convince.

There was no argument in Mr. Conkling's desperate and vehement speech at Utica, but his assertion that "a delegate is an agent," meaning that a district delegate from New York to Chicago is an agent of the majority of the State Convention of New York, is merely ridiculous. The Republican party in its highest tribunal, the National Convention, in which this very question was raised, has decided against Mr. Conkling, and has vindicated that freedom which is the fundamental principle of the Republican party. The intention of a national nominating Convention is that every opinion in the party shall be represented, not from States, but from districts, for the purpose of comparison and consideration. It is not the opinion of a majority in New York or in Rhode Island that is sought, but the opinion of the majority of Republicans everywhere in the country, and that opinion can not be represented or receive its just weight if a district delegate is to vote as the agent of a State Convention. The Conventions in Pennsylvania and in New York have instructed the delegates to vote in a certain way. If those delegates believe that they are the agents of the State Conventions, they will obey. But if they understand that the Conventions merely ratified, as of course, the action of the district delegations, they will, in the words of the decision which the National Convention sustained, "vote their own sentiments."

We repeat that when the preliminary discussions of a party respecting a Presidential nomination, or any other capital object, have reached the final point, the majority must decide. But until then in the local and State Conventions the practical question for the majority always is whether, all things considered, it is more expedient to take this or that course. To be effective and satisfactory in ultimately determining a nomination, the majority principle must be applied at the right time and in the right place, or it may defeat its own object. In the Convention of Pennsylvania 133 delegates voted that the constituencies of 113 delegates should have no voice in the National Convention. In the New York Convention 217 delegates voted the same disfranchisement against the constituencies of 180 delegates. On the same day with the New York Convention that of Vermont recommended Mr. Edmunds as a candidate, and the Indiana district Conventions showed their preference for Mr. Blaine. The four States which have thus far selected delegates have shown conclusively that there is no spontaneous and unanimous Republican preference for a Presidential candidate; while the instructions given by the Conventions of New York and Pennsylvania have not increased the chances of Republican success at the polls, because they have produced the irritating conviction that those instructions are intended to be a gag, a virtual deprivation of the birthright of Republicans—free discussion and comparison of views in their final nominating Convention.

SMYTH REPUBLICANISM.

As we pointed out last week, the position taken by the Albany *Evening Journal* upon the renomination of Mr. John F. Smyth has received the hearty approval of the Republican sentiment of the State. The success of the machine in managing Conventions, and in securing, through the Tammany bolt, control of the patronage, has made it reckless and contemptuous of dissent. Its arrogant confidence, however, is not without reason. It has prevailed so often over the known opposition of a large and intelligent portion of the party, and by a dicker with Tammany it has so long been able to discount a certain amount of Republican scratching and bolting, that it has come to despise independence as sore-headed spite, and to suppose that it can do whatever it chooses. The election placed it in possession of all the State patronage for three years. It began by appointing to important positions its own tried and trusty members. It was proceeding to organize the entire State administration, not primarily with a view to the public welfare, but to the interest of a party faction. Mr. Smyth was one of its most unshrinking instruments. Originally appointed by Governor Robinson for a supposed advantage, not connected with himself, to the Democratic party, Mr. Smyth was accused by Governor Robinson at the end of a year of compelling the illegal payment by insurance companies of a large sum of money; to which his defense was that the act which made it illegal was unconstitutional, although no court had so pronounced. His trial before the Senate followed, and although acquitted by the votes of Tammany Senators—for it is Tammany which at a pinch always pulls the machine through—he was morally convicted. The feeling against him was deepened, and the sense of his guilt confirmed in the public mind, by the facts which came out upon the trial, that the money so obtained had been divided among other agents of the machine or ring. The New York *Times* says, without reservation, that in one case the place of division was the house of Mr. Cornell, then either the chairman or leading member of the State Committee, now the Governor of the State, who, in the face of all these facts, and of the shameful performance of Mr. Smyth in calling the Albany primaries without notice, and of the repudiation of his course by the Republican sentiment of the State, nominated him to a Republican Senate for re-appointment.

We say that the machine or ring which now controls the executive department of the State government had reason, in its past success, to suppose that it could make the patient party bear this burden also. The reader will understand the situation. Governor Cornell's minority in the State upon the total vote at the last election was just short of 60,000. It is indispensable to carry the State for the Republican Presidential candidate if he is to be elected, and to make such success more probable the machine now attempts to make the Republican party responsible for Mr. Smyth, and all his practices and antecedents, as the one Republican in the State of New York who is especially fitted for an office of such immense power and peculiar opportunities as the Superintendency of Insurance. The first response of the conscience and courage of the party was the prompt change of the Albany *Evening Journal*, probably the most influential party paper in the State, from the position of a thick-and-thin machine organ to that of an advocate of sound and independent Republicanism. The second was the firm opposition of a Republican majority of the Senate, comprising its strongest and most eminent members, to the confirmation of Mr. Smyth. The third was the frank denunciation of the Smyth nomination by powerful Republican journals like the New York *Times*. The response is a plain notice served upon the machine or ring that the sense of public duty, the intelligence and the self-respect of Republicans and of the Republican press, however patient and however willing to sacrifice much for party success, are not willing to identify Republicanism with men like Mr. Smyth, and with practices like those which are now in question. It is such conduct as that we have described, the total disregard of everything but what is called "regularity," however procured, the insolence of success and power, which ruin parties. "The grand old Republican party" was not made by patronage-mongers, nor by the tricks of a machine, but it can be easily unmade by them. The facts of the Smyth nomination show that the most flagrant abuses of power can not always be covered by the shield of "the grand old party," which was grand because its leaders were great men devoted to great principles. Buzzards can not emulate eagles.

In the absence of any commanding question which divides public opinion absolutely, like that of slavery, upon which the Republican party arose, it can not be too constantly remembered that, in the present condition of the public mind and of the country, continued Republican success is not to be attained by despising the protests of intelligence, independence, and patriotism. A great party in a time like this must take some other ground than that its opponent is a dangerous conspiracy against the government. The last election showed that that opponent has half the votes in the country. If it were really believed to be aiming at the subversion of the government, all business and industry and enterprise would be to-day paralyzed, and there would be no other interest or thought among patriotic men than the defense of the threatened government. But those who raise the cry do not believe it. The cry is raised to shield just such things as have lately taken place in Albany, and to force Republicans to support every act of the machine as the necessary condition of party success. We repeat that this is the course which ruins parties. The Democratic party, flushed and arrogant with power, believed that it could carry slavery and all that belonged to it, and the Democratic party elected its last President twenty-five years ago. The Whig party believed that it could despise the protest of honest and courageous Whigs, and the Whig party disappeared twenty-eight years ago. The Republican party can not carry the men and the politics represented by Mr. Smyth. The evidence is all around us. Suppose that the papers and the politicians which oppose this "machine" management should acquiesce if it should have its way at Chicago, still they could not carry with them that individual and independent Republican vote which all the papers and all the politicians, and Mr. Sherman and Mr. Evarts, could not carry for Mr. Cornell last autumn. There are fifty thousand Republican voters in the city of New York alone, who, however much they may desire it and demand it, are not permitted to have a voice in framing the policy and in making the nominations of the party. Such facts produce a profound feeling that the party organization itself rests in this State upon a false and indefensible basis. It is not a favorable time for increasing the burdens of the party.

CHARITY *V.* ALMS-GIVING.

The conviction and sentence of Cowley for abuse of the children under his charge, and the revelations constantly made of the perversion of money given for charitable purposes, strongly point a moral upon which we have often insisted—that it is better not to give at all than to give ignorantly. There are sharpers and swindlers in charities as in every other kind of activity. From the professional beggar who deliberately chooses begging as his business, to persons like Cowley, who open houses for the reception of children under the law, there is immense cunning employed to turn to selfish uses the money generously given for humane objects. A very great proportion of this money also is selfishly given; that is, it is given without inquiry, to avoid trouble, and with a vague feeling that the mere giving is in itself a virtue. Many a man goes along the street with a fine consciousness of merit and of having done a Christian duty because he has just given sixpence to a liar to get drunk with. There are undoubtedly great destitution and suffering and need. There is great occasion for charity. But there is still greater need of intelligent charity, of care that the money given to relieve want does not increase want.

It is an assertion quite within the truth that half of the money annually given for charity in the city of New York alone—and it is relatively true of every large town and city—would do twice as much good if it were intelligently given. If it be a duty to help the poor, it is not a duty, in this sense, to help those who are not poor, and it is a sin to increase poverty. There is a simple and obvious course for those who wish to be intelligently charitable. It is to select agencies which they personally know. In the city of New York such an agency is the Society for the Relief of the Poor, of which Mr. Minturn is treasurer, which is organized for the purpose of giving only upon careful inquiry; and in the State at large, or in the counties in which they are organized, are the local visiting committees of the State Charities Aid Association. In one suburban town that we know this committee co-operates with the Superintendent of the Poor, so that every case in which county relief is asked is investigated before aid is given. The town is divided into districts, and for each district a member of the committee is the visitor. Applications at the door are referred to the visitor, and the result is that three great objects of charity are accomplished—the relation of personal interest between the poorer and the comfortable classes is established; the relief is wisely and intelligently given; and the growth of pauperism is not fostered. The organization is known throughout the town, and begging at the door consequently has much diminished. The activity of this committee has developed the fact that the larger part of the suffering of poverty springs from drunkenness. Often it is found that the husband prefers to drink and do nothing, that he and the family may be supported by the begging of his wife and children, and by county relief. But all such public relief given to such a man, who, if sober and willing, could readily support his family, is a gross wrong to hard-working citizens who pay the taxes from which the county relief is taken. The Superintendent of the Poor who gives the public relief in such cases uses the hard-earned money of sober men to support drunkards in idleness. The committee, therefore, offer every such man, if he can find no other employment, a chance at stone-breaking for moderate wages until he can do better. But if he will make no effort, and expects the committee to furnish him continuous work when he proves to be irreclaimable, he may choose between starvation and the poor-house.

This is a practicable system of wise and efficient charity, which may readily be adopted in any rural community, and which is most beneficent. It is not open to the reproach of "machine" charity, if by that term is meant a hard and unsympathetic charity. There are those who think that individual charitable work should not be delegated, and that Christianity requires giving to the poor. Undoubtedly; but loose and irresponsible and ignorant giving at the door and on the street is "machine" Christianity of the poorest type. Is it Christian to multiply paupers carelessly? Is it Christian to support idle drunkards with the wages of honest and hard-working sobriety? Is it Christian to give to a "gin-mill" under cover of relieving distress? Forty-eight per cent.—nearly one-half—of the beggars upon the street are impostors. Is it answered that it is better that ninety-and-nine impostors should be fed rather than that one honest sufferer be starved? Granted; but is it not best of all that the sufferer should be fed and the impostors exposed and reclaimed? The Cowley disclosures, bad as they are, not only arraign him, they accuse all those who think that ignorant giving is charity. The charity fund of society demands as intelligent a distribution as any other public fund.

M. LESSEPS AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The arrival of M. Lesseps in New York, and the great attention given to it by the press of the city and country, have greatly stimulated public interest and curiosity concerning his enterprise. For those of our readers who may not have followed the subject we will say in a word that M. Lesseps proposes to dig a canal from sea to sea through the Isthmus of Panama, at an estimated cost of $120,000,000. The bonds he proposes shall be taken equally in America and in Europe, with the head-quarters of the undertaking in Paris. Subscriptions were opened in France some months since, but the possibility of objection by the government of the United States arrested them, and the amount subscribed is inconsiderable. M. Lesseps announces that as yet he is the company. He asks subscriptions upon his word as an engineer that the work is practicable—in which opinion other eminent engineers concur—and upon his estimate of the probable trade and resources of the canal, based upon accepted statistics. He disclaims, moreover, all connection with other persons, societies, interests, or governments, and declares that far from wishing to oppugn or to oppose the Monroe doctrine, he has the highest respect for that doctrine, and regards it as a natural and proper doctrine for this government to hold.

It is alleged, on the other hand, that such a canal built under French auspices, and largely with French money, with head-quarters in France, is essentially a foreign enterprise, which must draw after it foreign protection, and consequently, however designed, is the first movement toward the establishment of a European foot-hold upon this continent—a movement which is hostile to the settled and just policy of this country. It is insisted that this is the time to speak, when no interests are as yet invested or involved, and that nothing is to be gained by waiting to prove whether or not the public interest will put the undertaking upon its feet. It is further urged that this is not a dog-in-the-manger policy, because nobody denies that if the work were once really begun under European auspices, it might become necessary to define the American position upon the subject, and because nobody denies that the United States government ought to secure all the national rights and interests in the matter. As we recently said, the digging of a canal by Frenchmen upon the Isthmus is not a foreign colonization, but it is easy to understand the apprehension that trouble may arise from inaction or silence upon the subject, and that no possible harm could arise from a plain statement of the position of the government in regard to such enterprises.

It is, in effect, a new aspect of the situation from which the assertion of the Monroe doctrine sprang. That doctrine is that no European power shall acquire a foot-hold upon this continent. The declaration was made in view of the possible European coercion of governments and of colonization. But the spirit and purport of the declaration were undoubtedly set forth by Mr. Canning in urging upon Mr. Rush the declaration by our government. Mr. Canning asked: "Were the great political and commercial interests which hung upon the destinies of the new continent to be canvassed and adjusted in this hemisphere without the co-operation or even knowledge of the United States?" The project of vast commercial or industrial enterprises, undertaken upon this continent under the authority, patronage, control, or protection of European governments, although the precise question has not been hitherto raised, would certainly fall within the category of the Monroe doctrine. There is strong popular feeling upon the subject of this doctrine, which we have stated in saying that by its declaration we reserved all rights, and should decide for ourselves what it was necessary to do to make our neighborhood secure. While, therefore, the digging of a canal across the isthmus by a Frenchman or a French company is not in itself an infraction of our traditional policy, yet, as involving very serious possibilities, it is a natural public expectation that the attitude of the government toward this new form of the question will be authoritatively defined, without flourish or menace, for the benefit of every interest, domestic and foreign. It can not possibly harm any legitimate interest whatever, while every such interest must welcome it, and M. Lesseps himself would be doubtless glad to know authoritatively precisely in what way the Monroe doctrine, which he thinks just and proper, applies to his enterprise.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

As the present British Parliament must be dissolved this year, and an election take place for the new Parliament, politics in England are becoming very interesting. It has been generally believed that the inadequate results of the Treaty of Berlin, the total failure of Turkish reforms, the disasters in Afghanistan and in South Africa, the extraordinary exaltation of the crown and the apparent contempt of Parliament under the Beaconsfield rule, with the increasing taxation and the indefinite future of a restless foreign policy—points which have been directed against the ministry with all the ability, zeal, eloquence, humor, and brilliant force of the most accomplished orators and statesmen in England—would cripple if not destroy the Beaconsfield administration. There has been no recent political demonstration comparable to Mr. Gladstone's progress to Scotland, during which he made the series of speeches which recalls that equally remarkable series of Mr. Seward's in the Western States during the great Republican campaign of 1860. Mr. Bright also has delivered speeches, one of which we have already described, which are as strong and clear and admirable as any of his career; and Sir William Harcourt has distinctly advanced during the preliminary contest as an orator of brilliant and versatile powers.

Two important elections have now taken place. That at Liverpool, which resulted in the return of a Tory, was not a surprise, because Liverpool is generally a Tory constituency. If not a surprise, however, it showed that there was no such radical change in public opinion as augured a Liberal victory in the Parliamentary elections. But the impression of Liverpool has been confirmed by the result at Southwark, in London, where the Tory has been elected by a clear majority over both of the Liberal candidates. This disaster delights the Jingo clubs, and is so significant that leading Liberals are reported as saying that a general election now would probably confirm Lord Beaconsfield's ascendency. It shows that his hold of the solid English mind is very much stronger and closer than was deemed possible by those who see how essentially alien he is to the English character. In his case a glittering success counts for much.

But the real secret of Disraeli's power is that of all absolutism and distrust of the people. It consists in flattering the two extremes of society. He appeals to the pride and selfishness of the aristocracy, and to the ignorant prejudice of the poorest class. It is the old and familiar alliance of king and lazzaroni. From the moment, on the famous night that Sir Robert Peel foreshadowed his course upon the Corn Laws, when Disraeli saw and seized the great opportunity of making himself the champion of the bewildered and dismayed but powerful country party, down to his present supremacy, Lord Beaconsfield has never ceased to represent the aristocratic element of the British Constitution as its truly conservative element. This at last, after the death of Lord George Bentinck and of Lord Derby, made him the real leader of the Tories, uniting in himself the ability and the audacity as well as the servility which the position imposed upon an outsider like him. The aristocracy instinctively recognize in him their most thoroughly equipped champion. And if they suspect his sincerity, they care nothing about it, because they know that he is bound to them absolutely by his interest. The other social extreme he carries by playing upon the national jealousy of other countries. Lord Palmerston, who, like Lord Beaconsfield, seemed to have no real convictions, was, like Lord Beaconsfield, immensely popular—by far the most popular minister of his time. He was not a Tory, but, like Lord Beaconsfield, he had a "foreign policy." He was always meddling in the affairs of other countries, fomenting insurrections, as the governments of those countries complained, by hinting and implying a support which never came, nor was meant to come. Both Palmerston and Beaconsfield made the lion roar, and that is a music which delights the concert hall and the gin-shop. But the great middle class, which was the strength of the England of the Revolution, which repealed the Corn Laws, and has built up the national prosperity, the England of Cobden and Bright and Gladstone, prefers a beneficent domestic condition to an "imperial" foreign policy. Of course the condition of internal repose is foreign respect, but that is not to be won by bravado, but by bravery. If the good sense of England does not see it now so clearly as to carry the majority, its victory is still sure to come. In the present popular debate in England the most striking defense of the Beaconsfield policy is the speech of Mr. Cowen, a former Liberal, at Newcastle. It was a highly rhetorical amplification of the Jingo doctrine that England and Russia represent the good and the evil spirits in European politics, and that it is the primary duty of England to restrain Russian aggrandizement. But even Americans who have followed the Eastern question with some attention can see the misstatements of the speech, which is, however, much more eloquent in the American sense than most English speeches. But the logic of Mr. Cowen would transform British policy from the universal "puttering" of Lord Palmerston into universal armed interference.

OUR MINISTER TO SPAIN.

In many of the chief cities in Europe, in London, Paris, Berlin, Florence, and Rome, there is a large number of more or less permanent American residents, who are known in each city as the American colony. They are our fellow-countrymen who live abroad for purposes of business, or professional or artistic study, or even for pleasure, and who cherish a natural fraternal feeling for each other. On the Fourth of July, and on Washington's Birthday especially, their patriotism takes a collective and demonstrative form, and there are often admirable and eloquent speeches after delightful dinners, speeches full of a certain tenderness of patriotism, which is the natural strain of absence from the native land.

One of these pleasant banquets recently occurred in the American colony at Paris, not upon occasion of a national holiday, but in honor of General Lucius Fairchild, late Consul-General, and now about to succeed Mr. Lowell as Minister in Spain. It is in every way a fitting appointment, and General Fairchild's neighbors and friends in Paris did not choose that he should leave them without some expression of their friendship and respect. The *Herald* telegraphed an account of the dinner, with reports of the speeches. Nearly a hundred and thirty guests sat down, Mr. Hitt, chargé d'affaires, presiding in the absence of General Noyes, the United States Minister; and among the guests, besides General Fairchild, were Mr. Richard H. Dana, Major-General Reynolds, Paymaster Rocker, of the navy, General Meredith Read, ex-Minister to Greece; and the only lady named was Mrs. Lucy Hooper, which means, we hope, that ladies were present.

General Fairchild's public service has been large and various. A distinguished soldier in the war, he lost an arm at Gettysburg. He has been Governor of Wisconsin; for eight years Consul at Liverpool; for two years Consul-General at Paris; he now "proceeds" Minister to Spain. In every position he has shown the vigorous good sense, the simplicity, sagacity, and efficiency, which we like to call American; and the eloquence and enthusiasm of the evening show how deep and strong is the regard of those who know him best for the retiring Consul-General, who will be soon succeeded by Mr. Walker, who will maintain the high traditions of the place which General Read and General Fairchild have established.

THE DAY OF REST.

Until the year 1834 it was lawful for any religious congregation in the city of New York to stretch chains across the street in front of its house of worship during the hours of service. The law was an expression of the general conviction that the right of rest upon Sunday should be enforced. In an overworked country like ours, this is a right which demands especial recognition. The observance of Sunday as the Lord's day rests generally upon a religious sanction. But this is re-enforced by the conceded necessity of periodical repose and recreation to the physical system both of men and beasts, and this is the aim of what are known as Sunday laws. They are not designed to compel people to go to church, but to secure the quiet and the rest from active labor which are indispensable to the common welfare.

At the late meeting of the New York Sabbath Committee, at which Secretary Thompson spoke, it was stated by the Rev. Mr. Atterbury, the secretary of the committee, that in Germany the working-men have asked for a law securing rest on one day of the week, and the Communists also favor it. The noisy Sunday processions and military funerals have been forbidden on Sunday, and no one feels that any real right has been infringed, or any kind of injustice done. Secretary Thompson said that New-Yorkers are better observers of Sunday as a day of rest than his Western fellow-citizens.

The object of the Committee, as Mr. John E. Parsons, the chairman, said, is to obtain the protection of the day of rest by just and wise laws, to enlighten public opinion in every good way, and to secure to everybody the benefit of the periodical repose. It is a very quiet society, which does its work very noiselessly. But the singular good order of a New York Sunday is largely due to its efficiency.

A GREAT WORK.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Martyn Dexter is known as one of the most learned and diligent and sagacious of American students. He is a Congregational clergyman whose studies of the past have not touched the freshness of his interest in all living questions, and he has long been a recognized authority upon certain historical subjects. Dr. Dexter has now finished a work which is truly a *magnum opus*, and which will take the highest and most permanent rank among historical treatises. It is a history of Congregationalism, which is of necessity a history of the origin and development of Puritanism. It is the result of prodigious learning and research, but the immense accumulation of knowledge is well ordered and organized by singular judgment and skill, and the work is probably the most important contribution in the English language to Church history which has been made for many years.

The vast literature of three centuries has been explored by Dr. Dexter to collect the material of this work, and his catalogue of titles in Congregational bibliography would alone fill a large volume. We doubt if there has been more ample and thorough preparation for any book ever issued in this country; and while the author moves among his enormous material with perfect ease, his style has a certain quaintness and picturesqueness which are in happy keeping with the theme.

A work like this is, in the truest sense, a labor of love. Himself a Puritan of Puritan descent, a clergyman and a scholar, a conspicuous citizen of New England, which may properly be called the most characteristic and permanent Puritan community, of trained habits of scholarly diligence, his great history is a work of sound enthusiasm and sympathy, and will be counted among the real additions of America to literature. It is like one of the old pictures to which the whole life of the artist was tributary, and it is such pictures and such works of scholarship that truly touch and quicken the life of the spectator and the reader.

PERSONAL.

The largest amount of life insurance ever effected on the life of any one man was on the late Marquis of Anglesey, who was insured in various companies to the amount of $3,750,000.

—The Austrian Diet has just done what could not be done, probably, by any other legislative body in Europe, viz., voted $75,000 to pay the expenses of the visit of the Empress to Ireland, whither she went chiefly to enjoy the exciting pleasure of fox-hunting. The Empress is known to be one of the most fearless horsewomen in Europe. The national debt of Austria is $2,005,150,000.

—Concerning the personal habits of our Presidents, it is stated that John Quincy Adams used to rise between four and six o'clock, according to the season, and either take a ride on horseback or walk to the Potomac River, where he bathed, remaining in the water for an hour or more in the summer. Returning to the White House, he read two chapters of Scott's Bible and the corresponding commentary of Hewlett, and then glanced over the morning papers and the budgets sent from the departments until nine, when he breakfasted. From ten until four he remained in the Executive Office, presiding over cabinet meetings, receiving visitors, or considering questions of state. Then, after a long walk or a short ride on horseback, he would sit down to dine at half past five, and after dinner resume his public duties.

—M. Ernest Renan is described as a short, elderly gentleman, clean-shaven, with a very large nose, slightly marked as if by small-pox, a head rather bald on the top, and a profusion of whitening hair on the sides, his bushy eyebrows overhanging tired but humorous eyes.

—An Albany correspondent speaks of Senators Astor and Davenport as the Damon and Pythias of the Senate. They are conservative in politics and æsthetic in tastes, fond of literature and art and all the finer and higher pursuits of life. Neither of them seems disposed to take any active part in debate, though competent to do so, and always capable of commanding the attention of the Senate. Senator Davenport is a son of the late Ira Davenport, of Bath, New York, from whom he inherited a fortune. The financial future of Mr. Astor can not be regarded as altogether inauspicious.

—It has been intimated that Mr. Charles E. Smith, for many years managing editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, from which he has just retired, is negotiating for the purchase of the Philadelphia *Press*. Another newspaper report, in connection with the *World*, is that Mr. Hurlbert, its editor, having realized a handsome fortune in recent business operations, is content to retire from the responsibilities of that position, and enjoy a life of lettered ease abroad—what a druggist would call his *opium cum digitalis*.

—Bishop Wilberforce's recently published biography contains many amusing and characteristic anecdotes. On one occasion, after he became rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, he was waited on by an old farmer whose one desire in life was to rent the glebe acre. "Why?" asked the bishop. "Well," said the old fellow, with a look of business shrewdness, "when t'other parson was here, he used to farm it himself, and there being so little of it, he always got in his hay before anybody else: *then he clapped on the prayer for rain.*"

—Lord Derby keeps fully abreast of the spirit of the age in his estimation of the value of everything connected with popular education. In a recent speech at Liverpool he said: "Intellectual activity is in itself a moral safeguard. It kills vicious tastes just as in the bodily life a healthy appetite for food keeps out the morbid craving for drink. Therefore it is to the spread of school boards and of all that goes with them that I look for moral and social as well as intellectual improvement."

—After twenty years of continuous labor as principal of the Royal Agricultural College of England, the Rev. John Constable has been compelled by failing health to send in his resignation, which has been accepted by the trustees with very unusual expressions of regret. The college authorities have authorized "the erection in the chapel of a stained glass window in commemoration of his long-continued services to the college, and the many lasting benefits which, by his varied abilities and unwearied energies, he has conferred upon the institution." The Duke of Marlborough and Earls Bathurst and Ducie have united with all the immediate neighbors and friends of the retiring principal in offering a suitable token of their sincere regret at losing him and his family after twenty years' residence in the neighborhood. They consider that the college testimonial is a recognition of his official and public worth, and would wish theirs to be received as a mark of personal friendship. A few of Mr. Constable's old pupils are residing in this country. Mr. Constable is the youngest son of Archibald Constable, the celebrated Edinburgh publisher, and brother of Major A. G. Constable, of this city.

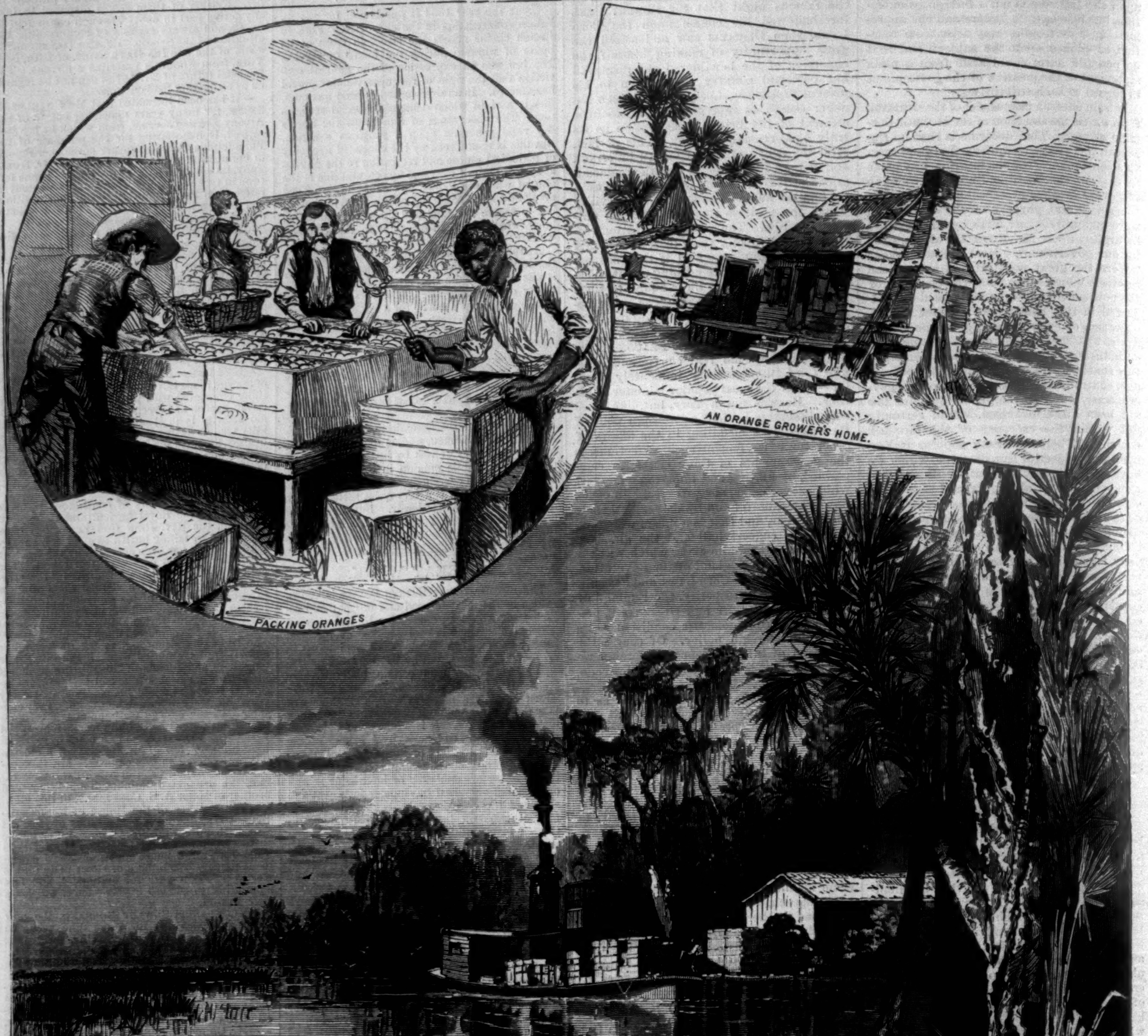
—The Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington is paid a salary of $10,000 a year, with no perquisites. The Speaker of the British Commons is better paid. His salary is $20,000 a year, a house rent free, $5000 equipment money, 2000 ounces of silver plate on his election, $500 a year for stationery, and fees amounting to $15,000 a year—about $40,000 a year, all told.

—Mr. Francis Cowley Burnand, the new editor of *Punch*, has for some time been the dramatic critic of that paper. He is forty-three years of age, and is the author of about a hundred dramatic pieces, principally burlesques. His chief work on *Punch* has been the well-known serial "Happy Thoughts." His burlesque of Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama *Black-eyed Susan* had a run of four hundred consecutive nights at the Royalty Theatre, London.

—Mr. George I. Seney, president of the Metropolitan National Bank of this city, who a few months ago gave $50,000 to the endowment fund of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, added to that gift on the 26th of January last the munificent sum of $75,000. On that day Mr. Seney sent for Mr. Oliver Hoyt, president of the Board of Trustees, and counted out $75,000 in bonds, and $2000 in bills to pay his quota of the annual deficit of the university, to be placed in the treasury. All told, Mr. Seney's contributions to the university during the past year have been $130,000.

—Speaking of the late Duke of Portland, who left personal property valued at more than $10,000,000, *Truth* says that though eccentric, he was certainly a model land-owner. "From the time of his succession to the dukedom he devoted himself to the improvement of his immense estates, and properties in all respects in better order could nowhere be found. Schools, churches, farm buildings, and colleges, he was ready to build all, on the most approved principles, wherever they were required; and his draining, planting, and road-making undertakings were invariably on the most liberal scale. He made Welbeck one of the most perfect abodes conceivable. He certainly was a practical benefactor to the working classes, as for many years he kept hundreds of hands regularly employed at high wages."

—The late Bishop Whittingham left a library of from fifteen to eighteen thousand volumes, of books not only choice and useful, but some of them extremely rare and curious, the larger portion of which he bequeathed to the Stinecke Episcopal Library. When the late Bishop Selwyn stood in the library of the Bishop of Maryland in 1871, he was astonished at the size and choice character of the whole collection, and at the extreme rarity of some of its treasures. He assured Bishop Whittingham that only a few private theological libraries in England could compare with it. It is more remarkable than the library of Archdeacon Hare, which Dean Stanley has so admiringly described. Archdeacon Hare was a man of some wealth; Bishop Whittingham had very limited resources. Dean Stanley is surprised that Archdeacon Hare, with such facilities and resources, could amass twelve thousand volumes; yet Bishop Whittingham had more, and almost all of them contain his notes on the margin in his fine, peculiarly neat handwriting. The catalogue of the library fills two huge folio volumes. It is a curiosity in itself, in its exquisite neatness, as well as in the painstaking and loving care of the writer.



PACKING ORANGES

AN ORANGE GROWER'S HOME.

SHIPPING ORANGES ON LOCH LOOSA.

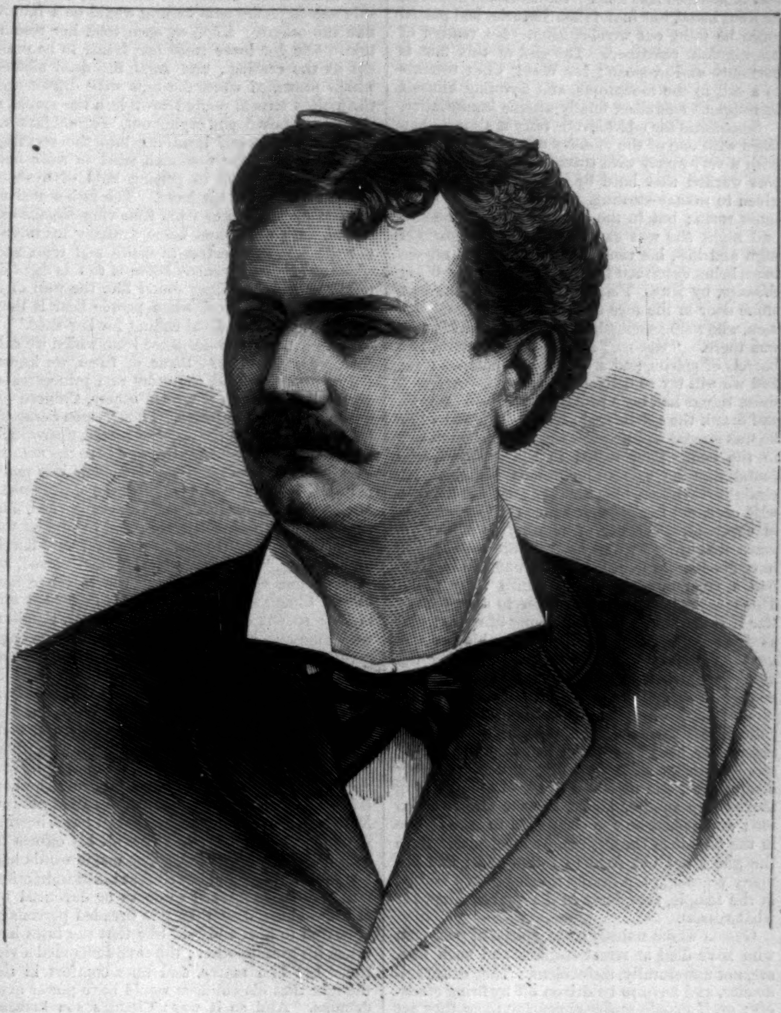
AN ORANGE CLUSTER

TRAMWAY THROUGH AN ORANGE GROVE.

FLORIDA ORANGES—FROM THE GROVE TO THE MARKET.—From Sketches by Frank H. Taylor.—[See Page 166.]

ITALO CAMPANINI.

Signor Campanini, the son of an Italian patriot, was born at Parma in 1846. His early training was little calculated to awaken expectation as to his present career. When fifteen years of age he enlisted in the Garibaldian army, and the scar on his right cheek still bears testimony to his bravery during the brief campaign for Italian liberty. When he returned to his home he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and this healthy occupation, as well as the strength he gained during his military service, accounts for his rarely pleading indisposition, and for the manly quality of his singing and acting. There is similarity in the circumstances attending the discovery of Signor Campanini's musical talent and that of Haydn. It will be recollected that Haydn used to sit beside his parents when they were playing, and hold a piece of wood in his hand, scraping on it as though it was a violin. A distant relative was present one day at the performance of this singular trio, and noticing that the boy kept time with wonderful correctness, persuaded the parents to have Haydn educated as a musician. At Parma Campanini was in the habit of passing the evenings in a little wine-shop with his comrades from the smithy. Here they would frequently indulge in patriotic songs. One evening a local composer happened to drop in, and detecting a very sympathetic quality in Campanini's voice, persuaded him to attend one of the local musical institutions. Here he remained for two years, pursuing his studies with great zeal. Believing himself thoroughly educated as a singer, he then engaged himself to a travelling Italian opera troupe. He kept up this connection for three years, until at Jassy, in Moldavia, the troupe disbanded for want of funds. Having by this time discovered his faults as a singer, he determined to apply for instruction to one of the leading Italian singing teachers. Arriving in Italy in 1869, he was able, with the money he had saved, to take lessons from the Chevalier Francesco Lamperti. In 1870 he appeared for the first time at La Scala, Milan, in *Faust*. Before the performance was half over it became evident that Italy had produced another great tenor. Next year he sang in Bologna, assuming, among other parts, that of Lohengrin; in 1872 he was welcomed in London, and in 1873 he paid his first visit to America, where his popularity is now firmly established. His manly singing is the musical expression of his manly character. It is this manliness which everywhere commands for him admiration and respect. His passion is manly, his triumph is manly, his sorrow is manly. His notes are invariably correct, and his powers as an actor are remarkable. He is in every respect the ideal hero of the opera. His repertory is extensive, including the tenor rôles in eighty operas.



ITALO CAMPANINI.—Photographed by Mora.

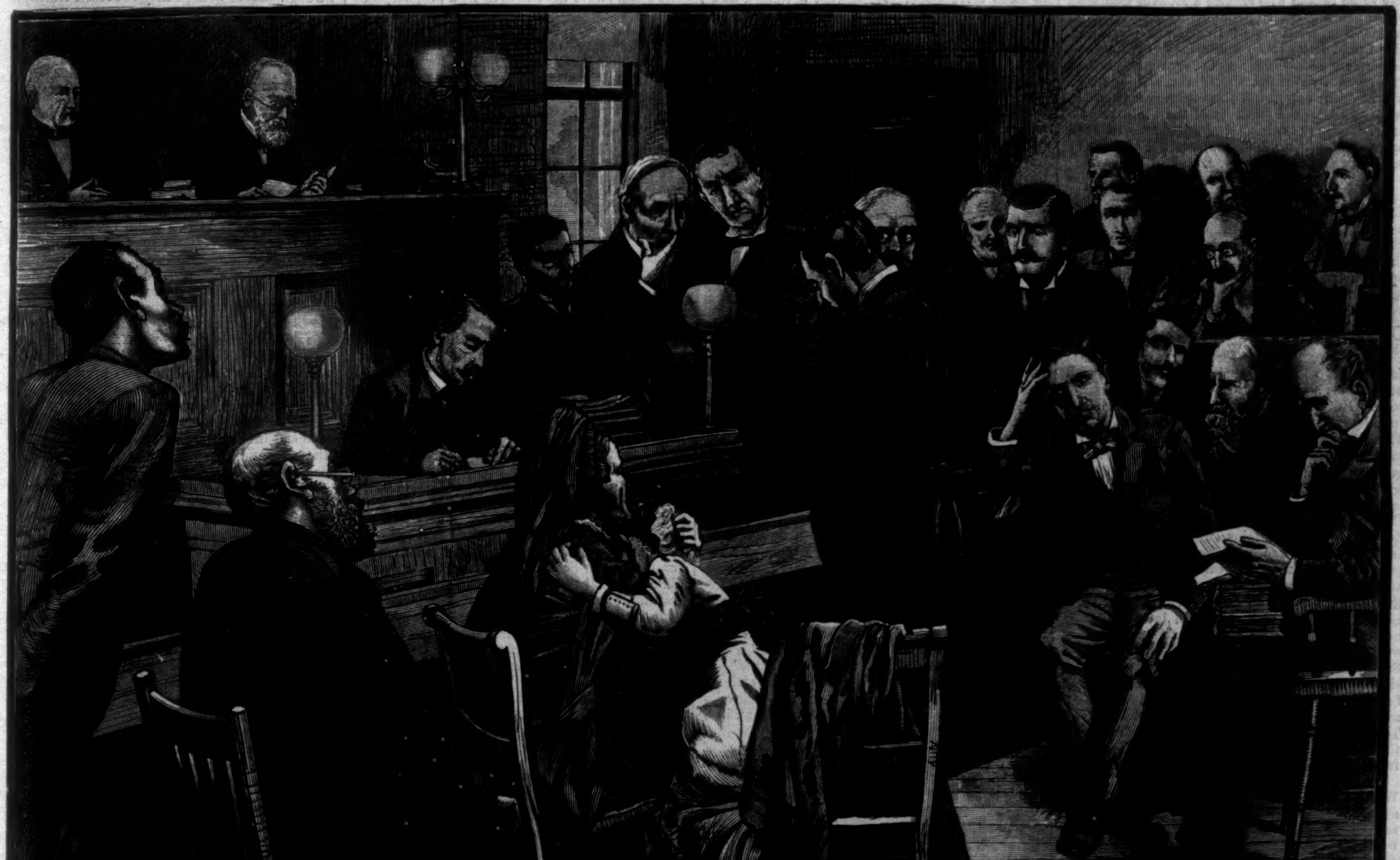
It is a matter for surprise that the number of operas in which Signor Campanini has been heard in this country is so ridiculously small in proportion to his repertory, and that here his capabilities have generally been wasted on mediocre parts. He has apparently exposed himself to the charge of wasting his talents, and, as has been said of another vocalist, may have seemed like an artist who devotes himself to taking good photographs of poor pictures. As the same charge might be brought against almost every singer who has visited this country, it may as well be said at once that the fault does not lie with individuals, but with our whole operatic system. When this system is contrasted with our system of orchestral music, its weakness becomes evident; and a discussion of this contrast seems pertinent, as it will serve the purpose of calling attention to some of our operatic needs.

As regards performances of orchestral music, New York and other musical centres of the United States have been for many years the equals, and in many respects the superiors, of other nations. In New York, for instance, the Philharmonic Society has been fostering, during an existence of more than thirty years, the appreciation of classical and modern master works. Mr. Eisfeldt, who was its conductor in the early days of its existence, was liberal in his opinions, even if his liberality was somewhat one-sided. He would, it is true, go over a Wagner score with his pupils, and point out to them certain passages which he considered evidence of criminal intent on the part of the composer, but at the same time he allowed Berlioz's works to figure at the Philharmonic concerts long before that composer was generally represented on foreign programmes.

Then came Bergmann—Bergmann, whose name every musician in this country should mention with profound respect. He was more liberal than his predecessor. His keen appreciation of artistic merit led him to detect the beauties of Liszt and Wagner while abroad a host of old fogies were still protesting against everything which differed from traditional form. Liszt, it will be remembered, recently expressed his gratification at our generous recognition of his compositions, saying he would always remember with gratitude that long before his music was appreciated in his own country, it was heard and applauded in America.

In the mean time Theodore Thomas began to develop extraordinary strength as a conductor. The rivalry between him and Bergmann ran high. But as a result of this rivalry music prospered. Both were great conductors, both were liberal in their views, and both disdained to court popularity at the expense of their art. After Bergmann's death, Thomas found in Dr. Damrosch another powerful rival. As a result we have had a most complete course of instruction in orchestral music, both classic and modern. With true cosmopolitan spirit, we select the good from every school, and enjoy equally a symphony and a composition written according to Wagner's most advanced theories. Within a short time we have had in New York a good example of our frank, generous appreciation of the old and the new. On Wednesday, February 18, Steinway Hall was crowded by those who had gathered to hear Berlioz's dramatic legend, *La Damnation de Faust*, and the following Saturday many of the same people testified to their enjoyment of a programme comprising works of Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner. Under our two accomplished conductors the performances are so good, the composers represented so numerous, and the production of novelties so frequent, that even in Germany, the home of music, few cities can compete with us.

But in operatic matters we are many years behind European nations. In Italy, even, where it would be natural for the Italian school to predominate, they have greater variety than we can boast of. While managers continue to regale us, year in and year out, with *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, and their like, the Italians have wearied of listening to constant repetitions of the old melodies, and a steady *diminuendo* in native talent has forced them to enrich their repertory with foreign



HIS FIRST OFFENSE.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.—[See Page 167.]

works. In comparison with Germany, our operatic fare seems deplorably meagre. The Royal Opera in Berlin recently presented in a season of four months a repertory of forty-four different operas by twenty-one composers. These operas included the best works of the Italian and French schools, and compositions by Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, Rubinstein, Hofmann, Brüll, Goldmark, and Wagner. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* had six performances each, the *Fliegender Holländer* was given three times, *Rienzi* twice, and *Die Meistersinger* twice. In Vienna the management was not content with producing Wagner's *Nibelungen* cycle, but, by way of contrast, gave recently a successful Mozart series, which brought in one week the performances of Mozart's seven operas. Hamburg and Leipsic have followed the good example set by Vienna; and in Wiesbaden they are also making preparations for festivities of similar character. During a single week of the season in Karlsruhe three of Gluck's operas were given, and in Braunschweig, Darmstadt, and other German cities of about the same size, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, selections from *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Figaro*, *Euryanthe*, and *Fidelio*, and in fact most of the leading German operas can be heard.

To glance now at the repertory offered us this season by Mr. Mapleson: it was utterly devoid of novelty, and was most commonplace in character. During two months, while the troupe appeared four times, occasionally five times, a week, the only operas given were *Traviata*, *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, *Carmen*, *Linda*, *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *Martha*, *Aïda*, *Mignon*, *Sonnambula*, *Dinorah*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, and *Il Flauto Magico*. The last four operas did not appear on the repertory until after Mlle. Marimon's arrival, so that until the 3d of December subscribers had to be content with ten of the most familiar operas, whose airs are heard on every hand-organ. The most deplorable feature of our operatic seasons is the almost total absence of Wagner's operas and operas by other German composers from the repertory. Year in, year out, managers have presented the same old threadbare Italian compositions, where the orchestra is used like "a gigantic guitarre," to accompany the scales and trills which in the most dramatic moments are allotted to the voice.

This lack of progress is found in the fact that here operatic managers appeal more to fashion than to musical culture. Fashion is content to gather at the Academy provided operas are given which do not seriously interfere with conversation. In the mean time the musically inclined must seek in the concert hall fragments of operas which they should have opportunity of hearing complete. Berlioz's opera *Benvenuto Cellini* was recently given in Hanover with immense success; but it can not be heard here, notwithstanding the enthusiasm awakened by his *Damnation de Faust*.

It may be urged as an excuse for this deplorable condition of our operatic affairs, that managers abroad can meet expenses with subsidies from the government, and that new operas can not be given without such subsidies. An answer to that is found in the fact that the experiment has never been tried here with a first-class company. The same people who admire a Mozart quartette would find a Mozart opera equally enjoyable and instructive; admirers of Beethoven's symphonies would learn to be enthusiastic over a good performance of *Fidelio*; and every representation of operas by Weber, Cherubini, and Wagner will have the support of those who now attend in large numbers the concerts of the Philharmonic and Symphony Society when fragments of such operas are produced without the aid of scenery and physical dramatic action.

At present, however, the inertia of our operatic managers, when contrasted with the enterprise displayed by such leaders as Thomas and Damrosch, justifies the conclusion that, while as regards performances of orchestral music we are the equal of any nation, we have, as regards the opera, no position at all.

Gustav Kobbé.

CHINESE MYTHS AND STORIES.

A very remarkable fact concerning Chinese folk-lore is the strange similarity between Chinese myths and stories and those of Western Europe. Here is a tale the analogue of which is found almost everywhere in Western folk-lore. The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, the mediæval romance of Ogier le Danois, and the old Gaelic legend on which that romance is based, of Oisin's sojourn in the land of youth, are a few of the many forms which it takes in the West. The Chinese story is as follows: "Two friends wander among the mountains culling simples. At a fairy bridge, the azure bridge, they find on guard two maidens of more than earthly beauty. 'Come across the bridge,' cry the maidens. This done, the friends are fed on huma (hemp, the Chinese hasheesh), and falling deeply in love with their hostesses, spend with them in the Jasper City what seems the short though blissful period of a few days. At length they are seized with a desire to visit their earthly home, and on getting back they find that seven generations have passed, and they have become more than centenarians." The story is given in the Liao chai chih yi, with the date A.D. 60 to 70, and the names of the two friends!

Another equally circumstantial tale records how Wang Chih, one of the patriarchs of the Taouist sect, was one day gathering fire-wood in the mountains of Ku Chow, when he entered a grotto where some old men were deep in a game of chess. He laid down his axe and watched them; whereupon one of the old men handed him what looked like a date-stone, telling him to put it in his mouth. No sooner had he tasted it than he ceased to feel hunger and thirst. By-and-by one of the players said, "It is long since you came here; you should go home now." Wang Chih went to take up his axe, and found the handle had mouldered into dust. Undismayed, however, he went home, but found that centuries had passed since he went out wood-cutting. No vestige of his kinsfolk remained. The end of this tale is certainly un-European; for Wang Chih retreats to a cell in the mountains, and devoting himself to religious exercises, finally attains immortality.

Sometimes the mischievous fairy is almost identified with one of the monkey tribe. Thus a man with a very pretty wife, travelling near Chang-tih, was warned that hard by lived a shên who was given to woman-stealing. He hid his wife in an inner room; but in the fourth watch of the second night she was carried off. He sought her high and low, his romantic and perilous adventures being described in *The History of the White Monkey*, by Kung T'sing. At last he came to a stone door in the face of a mountain. Some women, who were passing in and out, told him his wife was there. "Get us," said they, "ten dogs, two barrels of spirits, and a quantity of hempen rope, and we will try to deliver her for you. After all these things had been provided, the shên came in, and drank the spirits and ate the dogs, and while he was gorged and helpless the women bound him to the bed. They called in the husband, who found that he was an enormous monkey. He straightway killed him, and set free, not his own wife only, but many other women who were held in captivity. Talking of monkeys, we may remark that they, as well as men, are supposed to have ghosts. A man in Canton, named Ling, had had a yuan monkey in his family forty years. This species is supposed to grow to a very large size if it is allowed to drink plenty of water; and as Ling preferred a small monkey, his pet was kept on short water allowance. One day the monkey snatched a cup out of the hand of Ling's youngest son, and drained it off. The father gave him a good whipping, whereupon the monkey sulked, refused food, and died in a few days. Soon after, his ghost began to haunt the house; strange noises were heard, food unaccountably disappeared, and at last a fire broke out. Ling moved into another house, but the ghost moved too; and at last he was compelled to take refuge in the temple of the five hundred worthies. Here the ghost did not dare to follow him; and not many years ago the family might be seen housed in the temple, everybody in the quarter knew for what reason.

Ghosts whom nobody owns, spirits of poor men who have died at street corners, and such like, are, not unnaturally, malevolent. They cause epidemics, and have to be driven off by firing crackers; or, if people prefer appeasing them, they set out plates full of cakes, with invitations to "the honorable homeless ghosts." The ghosts of suicides are particularly difficult to be appeased; their sole aim in life (or rather in death) seems to be to induce others to do as they have done. If you sleep in the room where any one hanged himself or herself, you are sure to receive during the night a pressing invitation to commit *felo de se*. At Hang-chow, by the north gate, was a house so haunted by demons that it was to be had a bargain. A scholar named Ts'ai bought it, and since none of his family would go with him, went to sleep there alone. He lighted a candle, and kept watch. At midnight a woman came slowly in with a red silk handkerchief round her neck, saluted him, tied a rope to a beam, and put her neck in it. Ts'ai watched her, but did not change a muscle. She then fastened up another rope, and invited him to put his head in likewise. He laughed, and lifting up his foot, put that into the noose. "You're wrong," said she. "No," he replied; "you were wrong years ago, or you'd never have done what you did." The ghost gave an exceeding bitter cry, bowed to Ts'ai, and departed; and from that time the house was no more haunted. Ts'ai afterward rose to great distinction, as he deserved to do, passing all his examinations, and becoming provincial councillor.

Ghosts are often introduced into Chinese plays, and in one farce the ghost turns the tables on his would-be exorcist. The priest comes in with big gong, robes, mitre, etc., but the ghost catches hold of the gong, and beats the devil's tattoo on it, claps the mitre on his own head, strips the priest of his robes, and vows he'll exorcise his reverence. "Oh, your Excellency," whimpers the priest, falling on his knees, "had I known you'd really been in the house, I'd never have come near the place. I only came to try to earn a few cash." The ghost, however, exorcises him without mercy, and he has to decamp minus his paraphernalia.

Ghosts of gods are not uncommon, and are often highly serviceable. A few years ago the following was gravely related in the Pekin *Gazette*: "When the Mohammedans were besieging Chang-wei, they suddenly halted and ran away. The fact was, they had approached the temple of Ta-pi-peh (god of the planet Venus), and there they saw an awful vision: gods in golden mail, numerous as forest trees, and armed with sword and shield, were drawn up in battle array along the city wall, and red lamps innumerable lighted them up. The enemies' hearts failed them, and a sudden discharge of cannon put them to flight."

Here is another class of superstition, which reminds us of some weird German and Sclav legends about building a living man or woman into a bridge or tower, which could on no other conditions be completed. "When the bell-tower of Pekin was built," says Mr. Stent, in a paper on Chinese legends, "the Emperor Yung-lo, of the Ming dynasty, ordered a great mandarin, named Kuan-yu, to cast a bell big enough for such a noble building. Time after time Kuan-yu and the cleverest workmen in the country tried to cast a bell, and failed; the casting was always honeycombed, and the emperor said that if there was one more failure, Kuan-yu's head should pay the forfeit. Now Kuan-yu had a daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen, named Ko-ai; and when she learned what was to be done, she went to a celebrated astrologer and asked the cause of her father's failure. Some demon, she was told, required a maiden's blood to be mixed with the metal, and unless this was done, the next casting would be a failure like the others. Ko-ai at once took her resolution. She got leave from her father to be present at the casting; and amid the dead silence which prevailed when the taps were drawn and the molten stream poured down into the mould, a shriek was heard, and crying out, 'For my father,' Ko-ai threw herself headlong into the seething metal. One of the workmen tried to seize her, but only succeeded in getting hold of a shoe, which came off in his hand. The father had to be held back by force from following Ko-ai's example. He was taken home a raving madman; but the bell was perfect in make and tone, and when struck, its sonorous boom is to this day followed by a low wailing sound like the wail of a woman in agony, and when people hear it they say, 'There's poor Ko-ai calling for her shoe.'"

Where did those tales come from which we call the *Arabian Nights*? Some of them, we know, tell us about Chinese emperors and princesses—Badroulboudour, to wit. Of others, Chinese legends give us other forms. Thus "Open Sesame" finds its parallel in the story of a cave, near which lived a poor young herdsman, who bore the not unusual name of Chang. One day, as he was passing, he heard a voice say, "Stone door, open; Mr. Kwei-ku is coming." The cave opened, and the invisible speaker entered; and by-and-by the same voice said, "Stone door, shut; Mr. Kwei-ku is going." Whereupon the cave closed, so that no one could see where the entrance had been. Chang at once determined to see what was inside; so, one day, taking care that Mr. Kwei-ku was gone out, he used the formula, and at once gained an entrance. Chinese legends are often unpractical, so we need not wonder that there is no hint of any treasure inside. It was simply a vast romantic cavern. He came out, shut the door by using the proper form of words, and then told his only living relative, his grandmother. She must needs see it too; but, wandering inside, they got separated, and Chang, fancying she had left first, came out and closed the cave's mouth. Not finding her at home, he rushed back, horror-stricken, to seek her; but now all his efforts to obtain an entrance failed. The magic words had lost their power; and he felt that his grandmother must be either starved to death or devoured by Mr. Kwei-ku. Just then this dreaded personage appeared to him, and told him that the fates had taken his grandmother; the cave demanded a victim. Let him marry, and take comfort in the thought that his children would have power over demons. And so it was; Chang's son became "the master of heaven," the first holder (A.D. 25 is about the date assigned to the story) of an office which has lasted on to the present day.

Stories of magic tombs are found among most peoples, nor are they wanting in China. Kung-ming was a sort of Chinese Michael Scott; and one day the Emperor Hung-wu and his chief councillor, passing near his tomb, were seized with a wish to visit it. The emperor and his courtier wore suits of iron mail, after the fashion of those days; so, breaking through into the antechamber, they read an inscription that whoever visited the tomb should have his hands tied—a prophecy fulfilled by their hands getting for some time fast wedged into the passage through which they squeezed themselves. Breaking through the second door, they found several figures, toward which they began to be attracted by an irresistible force. Full of terror, they flung off their armor and fled, noting as they ran out another inscription, which may be rendered thus:

> "I'll strip off the skin
> Of whoso ventures in
> To open this my grave."

Of course the figures were of loadstone, which in the legends of mediæval Europe, as well as in the *Arabian Nights* and in Chinese stories, was credited with very mysterious powers. When Confucius died, one of his disciples cased his coffin in loadstone; and thus the Emperor Chin was baffled in his attempt to open the sage's tomb—the workmen's pickaxes and spades lost their heads, the armor of the soldiers on guard was stripped off their bodies; altogether things took such a strange turn that the attempt was given up.

Even the Judgment of Solomon finds its parallel in China, only the mandarin who plays Solomon orders that the child shall be taken away from both women, and brought up as a government official. He judges that the real mother will eagerly accept so good a chance for her offspring, while the woman who only wanted to sell the babe, or to use it in begging, will clamor for its restoration. He therefore hands the little one to the claimant who, though with tears and sobs, had accepted his proposal. The story is said to be historical, but we may suspect that it was derived from Indian or Semitic sources. That is just the difficulty in all these cases. The myth may have travelled eastward in the wake of the earliest caravans, or with the other teaching of those Nestorian Christians who penetrated into the heart of China long before the Tartar conquests, and whose influence on Buddhism has not yet been adequately taken into account. When we know more of Chinese literature, we shall see what stories really do date from pre-Christian times, and are therefore presumably home-grown.

Till then we must be content to be more puzzled than Solomon, of whose judgment here is another more Chinese version. A certain workman had a very good-looking wife, and they loved each other tenderly. But white dogs in China are often sad dogs; and, moreover, have sometimes the power of taking what human shape they like. So a white dog took the workman's shape, and walked into his house. Fortunately, he had miscalculated the time; for, just as he entered, the real husband returned, and the wife was thrown into a very piteous dilemma. Which was her husband she could not for the life of her make out. So she did as a sensible Chinese woman would—made them both go with her to the mandarin's yamên. But the mandarin was just as puzzled as the wife, the two men were so exactly alike. Fortunately, however, there was in the yamên a most convenient tiger, which never would touch men, but was accustomed to feed on dogs. Knowing, therefore, the villainous ways of white dogs, the magistrate ordered both the self-styled husbands to be put into the tiger's cage. The tiger at once flew at and devoured the dog, and the woman got her real husband back; and they went off, praising the magistrate's wisdom.

Here is the Chinese Penelope. Pak-li-shi was a restless spirit always longing for adventure. He married and had a son, and then disappeared, and was away more than thirty years, rising, meanwhile, to be Prime Minister in a neighboring state (this was in the days when China was a group of kingdoms). One day his son saw a proclamation signed Pak-li-shi, and told his mother, who was reduced to be a wandering needle-woman. They agreed to go and see what the likeness of name might mean, and when they got to the capital of the kingdom, the mother turned ballad-singer, and scraped acquaintance with the great man's servants. They told her that their master was subject to fits of low spirits through the loss of his family, which he had been for years unable to find. She persuaded them to let her try if her songs would soothe him, improvised a touching ballad, was recognized, and they were happy ever after.

THE LAST SIGHT OF ENGLAND.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Ah, his last sight of England! as the ship in full sail
Glides past Dover pier in the moonset so pale:
Dover town is all sleeping, but a long curve of lights
Rounds the bay, 'neath the dark line of Castle and Heights.

And, a dozen miles inland, the sailor boy sees
The hop garden, the cottage, the three hives of bees,
And the rose-covered lattice, behind which, asleep—
Oh no! mothers sleep not—she is waking to weep.

"O mother, my mother," the sailor boy sighs,
And 'tis not the salt spray that's blinding his eyes;
"O mother, dear mother, I'll be brave, I'll be true;
I'll never forget the old cottage and you."

Not a bit of a coward is the sailor boy there;
His hand is a strong hand to do and to dare.
He can work like a Briton—fight too, if need be—
Yet his last sight of England is a sad sight to see.

And when he comes back, after years four or five,
The cottage still standing, the mother alive,
As the white Dover cliffs gleam afar on his lee,
Oh, the first sight of England is a good sight to see.

FLORIDA ORANGES.

The round yellow orange is the delight of babyhood and youth, an esteemed luxury before breakfast, and at dessert in middle age; and worn and jaded indeed must be the palate that fails to retain an appreciation of the rare golden orange down to the last moment of its mortal career. In our group of engravings on page 164, Mr. Taylor has endeavored to give an idea of how this most delicious fruit is grown, and the processes it goes through before being fairly launched Northward for our delectation.

There are four varieties of oranges to be found in Florida. Three of them, the sour orange, the bitter orange—which is very bitter—and the bitter-sweet orange, are found growing wild. In their bearing season it is a beautiful sight to wander through these natural groves watching the beautiful globes of gold peeping on all sides from the bright green foliage, bending low the branches with their weight, and exhaling a fragrance at once delicious and powerful. The fruit clings with a good deal of tenacity for a long time after it has ripened; but during the winter and early spring it mostly falls, though the new blossoms and the young oranges may be seen while the ripe fruit still remains. This is the peculiarity of the orange among fruit-bearing trees, and it is a rare and delightful experience, and worth a long and toilsome journey, to stand within one of these wild orchards and feel the drowsy influence of fruit and flowers.

It is generally thought that the orange is not a native of this country, but was brought to Florida by the early Spanish colonists. This is the accepted theory, but not a known fact. One excellent reason for supposing it indigenous is that it flourishes and seems as hardy and natural to the soil and climate as the magnolia, the live-oak, or the date and palm. The great frost of 1835 killed, it is said, nearly every tree on the peninsula, and yet there are to-day thousands of acres of the best lands in the State covered by the wild orange. Again, the cultivated fruit, the sweet variety, excels that of any other country both in size and sweetness. The orange was not grown in Europe until the fifteenth century, and it is scarcely likely that the Spaniards introduced it, since they cultivated it very indifferently up to the sixteenth century, and Florida was discovered by them in 1512. The fact that some of the early Spaniards left no account of the fruit argues little, since they gave very little account of anything they saw or undertook, beyond general expressions.

The orange is the longest-lived fruit tree known to us. It is reputed to have attained the age of three hundred years, and been known to flourish and bear fruit for more than a hundred years. No fruit tree will sustain itself and produce fruit so well under neglect and rough treatment. It begins to bear about the third year from the budding, and by the fifth year produces an abundant crop, though the yield is gradually increased by age and favorable circumstances. The early growth of the orange is rapid, and by its tenth year it has grown more than it will in the next fifty, so far as its breadth and height are concerned; but it is age that multiplies its fruit stems; and we are informed on fair authority that ten thousand oranges have been produced by a single tree. **Ledyard Bill** speaks of a correspondent of the *Horticulturist* who states that eight thousand were gathered in a single year from a tree in St. Augustine.

There are several ways of raising orange groves, the most usual being by planting seedlings, which may be bought from nurseries. Another plan is by "budding the sour stumps," that is, cutting down a full-grown or natural wild tree, and ingrafting a twig from a sweet cultured wild tree. The result of the latter process has been most favorable. The wild groves which abound upon the shores of Orange Lake, in Marion County, were recently visited by our artist, and through the courtesy of the growers he was conducted through a single grove of at least a hundred and fifty acres, which has been so improved during the past eight years that it now yields a large profit, and encourages its owners to look for constantly increasing returns as the years go by. "The present," he writes, "is about the height of the orange-picking season, which lasts from October until May, and the packing-houses present busy scenes. Fruit is passed through round holes in a board as a test of diameter, and is thus assorted. The boxes will hold about one hundred of the larger and one hundred and sixty of the smaller fruit. A number of persons stand in front of sloping bins, and wrap the fruit in paper, to preserve it from decay during transportation. Upon Orange Lake a small and primitive steamboat, the *Alpha*, calls at the rude landing and takes the boxed fruit, delivering it to the cars at the terminus of the Peninsular Railroad, upon Loch Loosa, one of the most picturesque of the Florida lakes. Fruit from many of the older orange-growing regions is transported by steamers. Small boats also bring heavy cargoes from the Indian River and elsewhere, the fruit being received at Palatka."

In former days, when the time and attention of the people of Florida were almost wholly engrossed in cotton and sugar culture, fruit-growing was looked upon rather with contempt, and the wild orange groves were not valued any higher than other timber lands of the same quality. Many of the finest wild groves were cut down and destroyed to make room for cotton and sugar. But of late years a new era has dawned upon the inhabitants. They have become fully awake to the importance and profit of tropical fruit culture, and now the wild groves are highly prized, and many of them have been and are being converted into sweet groves. The wild orange groves are generally found along the margins of lakes and rivers, but sometimes scattered trees are found in the high hummocks of the interior, away from either lake or river. They do not grow to any extent south of the twenty-eighth or north of the thirtieth degree of latitude. The most extensive natural as well as other groves are those on Orange Lake. There it seems that nature has done all that man could desire to make the spot truly the home of the orange. The soil is a rich sandy hummocky loam, full of marl and lime pebbles, with a rich subsoil of marl and lime from two to four feet below the surface, not affected by dry or wet weather, and, on account of the large body of water, almost if not entirely secure against injury from cold. The next largest groves are on Lakes Griffin and Harris, in Sumter County.

The value of the orange-tree is not exhausted with the delicious fruit it produces. The fine-grained yellowish wood is used for inlaid-work, and for making small turned articles, and straight shoots of suitable size, with the bark on, are imported for walking-sticks. The leaves of the orange are bitter and aromatic, especially in the bitter orange. In the lemon-growing districts of the Mediterranean the lemon-trees are grafted upon orange stocks. These put forth vigorous shoots, which are allowed to grow several feet long, when they are cut, and taken to the distiller, who prepares from them an aromatic water called *eau de naphre*, or extracts their essential oil, known as essence of *petit grain*. These shoots are also used as walking-sticks. The true essence of *petit grain* is distilled from the small unripe fruits which fall during the summer. These are carefully gathered for the distiller, and give a volatile oil superior to that from the leaves. The essence produced from the bitter orange is more valuable than that from the sweet, and that from the berries is preferred to the product of the leaves. These oils are used in the manufacture of eau-de-Cologne and other perfumes, and are but little known to our commerce.

With the use of the flowers of the orange the ladies of our land are, however, thoroughly familiar. These, on account of their charming fragrance and pure whiteness, are essential to the bridal wreath, and the trees are cultivated by florists solely for their flowers. The bitter orange is preferred, as its flowers are more fragrant, and there are double and free flowering kinds especially suited for this use. By distillation with water, orange flowers afford an essential oil, the essence or oil of neroli, and the water from which this is separated is sold as orange-flower water. The oil received its name from having been used in the seventeenth century by **Anne Marie**, wife of the Prince of Nerola or Neroli, as a perfume for her gloves. It possesses in a concentrated degree the fragrance of the flowers, and is much used in perfumes of various kinds. Orange-flower water is used in pharmacy to flavor mixtures, and sometimes in cooking.

The oil of orange-peel (or oil of orange, as it is known in commerce) is contained in the fruit in vesicles large enough to be visible without a glass, and its presence and inflammable character are easily shown by squeezing a fragment of the fresh peel near the flame of a lamp. Though a volatile oil, it is, like that of the lemon, obtained by pressure. One of the methods is to squeeze strips of the peel by hand, and receive the oil from the ruptured vesicles in a fragment of sponge, which, when saturated, is wrung out, and the oil received in a bowl, where it separates from the water which accompanies it. In France the oil from the bitter orange is known as the *essence de bigarade*, and that from the sweet as *essence de Portugal*. French *bigarade*, of which there are several varieties, is nothing more than the peel of the bitter orange candied. Orange peel also figures conspicuously in the flavoring of puddings, jellies, and other delicacies. A minor product of the orange-tree, much less known now than formerly, is the issue peas. Under this name the dried unripe fruits, turned smooth in a lathe, are used to keep up the discharge from an issue, their fragrance making them preferable to ordinary peas, which are sometimes used for the same purpose.

Florida is a State that offers many attractions to immigrants, opportunities for fruit and orange culture being not one of the least. Her people are also doing all in their power to induce new settlers to come among them. In 1879 an act was passed by the Florida Legislature establishing a Bureau of Immigration, and in accordance with instructions the President and Commissioner have compiled a pamphlet setting forth the precise condition of the various industries, and the probabilities of success in attempting to make a comfortable living upon her soil. In this valuable little book we find the following practical suggestions in regard to orange-growing: "The judicious selection of the land is the first and most important point, for on this success in a great measure depends. Choose high dry hummocky, or high rolling pine land that has natural drainage and a yellowish subsoil. *Avoid* low flat palmetto or gall-berry lands; most of these are underlaid with hard pan, or sandstone mixed with oxide of iron; repeated trials and repeated failures show this without exception. The most favorable locations are on southeast side of wide sheets of water, or high lands, which are more generally free from frost. The land selected, clear of all trees, etc., break up well, and substantially fence; sow with cow peas, which should be turned under when in bloom—it improves and sweetens the soil; this may be done before or after planting trees. Dig holes thirty feet apart, eighteen inches deep, and four feet in diameter; clean out all roots; fill up with top soil, which will retain the moisture; procure trees from three to five years old; take them up carefully, with all of the roots possible; pack them up with wet moss as soon as dug; put them in the shade and out of the wind; when taken to the proposed grove, carefully remove the soil from the holes dug sufficiently for the tree, with roots carefully spread, the trunk standing in the same position as originally grown. Let the tree, when set out, be fully an inch above the natural level of the land; fill under, in, and about the roots compactly—it is best done by the hand; fill to the surface and gently tramp down; fill on some two or three inches of earth, which will prevent drying; the rainy season commencing, remove the soil around the tree to the level about it. Cultivation should be frequent and shallow, and trash should not be allowed to accumulate near the trunk; light ploughing and raking near the trees is best and safest. Following these general directions, no one should fail."

We learn that such a grove as this would readily sell in Florida for $1000 per acre. From and after five years the annual growth of trees and increase of fruit are constant for ten years, and the grove will retain its vigor and fruit-producing qualities for a century or more. Owners of groves repudiate the idea that the large increase in bearing trees will seriously affect the profits deduced from orange culture for many years to come. The fruit may be profitably grown at less than one-half the present price.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Chief of the sights of Allahabad, that to which it owes its glory in the past and its importance in the present, is "the meeting of the waters"—Triveni, not the tryst of two rivers, but the rendezvous of three, for here the Sarsooty, swallowed up in the distant sands of the Sirhind plain, is by the devout Hindoo believed to re-appear, after affording moisture to the sacred tree of Prayaga.

Very early one morning I took a ticca to the fort, *en route* to this celebrated place of pilgrimage. Making my exit through the Ganges Gate, I descended by stairs to a tract of desert, which, in the shape of a wedge, extends about three miles to the point of junction. Proceeding on foot, I followed the margin of the Jumna, plodding wearily through thick sand and mud, and passing on the way a few small groups of bamboo huts with nets hung up to dry—the abodes of fishers. At last I stood upon the holiest spot of ground, the very point or angle of division, my feet laved by the reflux of waters, which were not those of the Jumna, nor yet those of the Ganges, but the commingled waters of the twain.

The scene was like a country fair. Upon tall poles of bamboo, resembling Venetian masts, waved many-colored banners, with strange devices of beasts and birds, of creeping things and things that swim, with the grotesque figures of Hindoo deities. In booths upon the shore were displayed lingams of all sizes, and cross-legged idols. Land and water were astir with men, women, and children kneeling in prayer upon the bank, drawing the sacred current in bright brazen lotas, washing and bathing in the shallows, clustering upon little stages further out into the stream, or crowding in boats. Strings of yellow flowers defined the outlines of *ultima terra*, while floral wreaths cast as offerings floated upon the waters, which, it must be confessed, were not clear and pure, but dirty and discolored, as though they held in suspension the sins and deflements which they were supposed to wash away.

Apart from its being the holiest spot on earth to millions of human beings, the place was memorable. Here, at length, two mighty and world-renowned rivers, cradled amidst the snows of twin peaks of the far-distant Himalaya, after traversing regions widely dissevered, coalesce. The Ganges, deep and turbid, scoured the base of a scarped cliff; the Jumna, swift and blue, washed a low green bank; and then their allied waters, in one augmented stream, silvered by the light of early morning, swept onward with wide curve through the level landscape, down the great Gangetic valley, toward that Kalapani which finally must ingulf them, as well as all streams and rivers, and everything of which they are emblematic.

HIS FIRST OFFENSE.

Our illustration on page 165 represents one of those sad incidents which sometimes take place in a court of justice—the trial, conviction, and sentence of a young man who, having been well brought up, has been tempted by evil and depraved companions into the commission of a crime against law. He has, perhaps, stolen money from his employer to pay a gambling debt, or to enable him to indulge in dissipations beyond his means. Such instances were much more frequent formerly than they have been since the organization of the Young Men's Christian Associations in our large cities. These excellent societies have done a vast amount of good by the care they have exercised over young men, especially those who come from the country, and are peculiarly liable to be dazzled and led away by the temptations of city life.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Not far from two hundred years ago scientific experimenters succeeded in reducing the diamond to carbon, and ever since that time it has been the earnest effort of some of them to reverse the process, and from carbon to make the diamond. A few weeks ago an announcement came from one Mr. Mactear, of Glasgow, that he had succeeded in making "pure crystalline forms of carbon," which were believed by several scientific gentlemen to be actual diamonds. But Professor Maskelyne, mineralogist of the British Museum, and a distinguished expert, applied certain tests to Mr. Mactear's "diamonds," and found them lacking in qualities belonging to the genuine gems. But now Professor Maskelyne, through the London *Times*, announces the entire success of Mr. J. Ballantyne Hannay, of Glasgow, a Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, in producing diamonds. Mr. Hannay sent him some small crystallized particles presenting exactly the appearance of fragments of broken diamond. Two special tests—scoring the polished surface of sapphire with these particles, and igniting one of them on a foil of platinum—were tried, with the same result as with the real gems; so that Professor Maskelyne says there is "no doubt whatever" that Mr. Hannay has succeeded in solving the long-tried problem. Whether, however, these artificial diamonds will prove anything more than scientific curiosities remains to be seen. Indeed, their very existence will be critically discussed, disputed, and very likely disproved. Already Professor Roscoe, of Owens College, Manchester, asserts that he regards the evidence thus far submitted by Mr. Hannay as insufficient to establish the conclusion that he has discovered a process for making diamonds.

A large Broadway warehouse near White Street was recently destroyed by fire, during the conflagration of which a tragic scene occurred. While the firemen were at work upon the roof of the burning building, which seemed very solid, it suddenly gave way near the centre. Most of the men escaped to adjoining buildings; but two of them, who were foremost, fell into the blazing abyss, and disappeared from the horrified gaze of their comrades. They were both brave men, and popular among their companions. One of them was unmarried; the other, a young man, who had been seven years in the service of the Fire Department, had a wife and two young children. Before the sad news was communicated to the young wife she read the dreadful truth in the faces of those who were sent to tell her, and with a wild shriek she fell fainting. Her despair, when she knew the full truth, was pitiful indeed; and the attempts of the firemen, whose voices shook with emotion, to soothe her, were of little avail, but showed how deeply they were affected by the fearful scene of which they had been shuddering witnesses.

It took the jury only about fifteen minutes to decide that the Rev. Edward Cowley had been guilty of misdemeanor in his treatment of the children under his charge in the Shepherd's Fold; and Recorder Smyth, of the Court of General Sessions, imposed upon him the full sentence of the law—imprisonment for one year in the Penitentiary, and a fine of $250. Throughout the trial Mr. Cowley continued to assert that the children were not badly treated, which proves at least that the "shepherd" was utterly incapable of comprehending how a child ought to be treated, and needs a good deal of enlightenment upon the subject before again venturing into any such "charitable" work.

Yellow fever is prevailing at Rio Janeiro, according to the most recent intelligence from that city.

In accordance with the special request of the late James Lenox, his funeral was strictly private. It was wholly in unison with his life, which had been so quiet and secluded, and with his simple tastes, that only a very few intimate friends should be present at the funeral services, which were conducted at his late residence, at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street. The coffin was solid mahogany, with no ornament save the silver plate on which was inscribed the name of the deceased, with the date of his birth and death. The interment was in the Marble Cemetery, in Second Street, near Second Avenue, in the Lenox family vault.

Since the millennial celebration in Iceland, which took place, as our readers will remember, in August, 1874, there has been a very marked revival of the old Icelandic literary spirit. The contributions of books which were sent from Europe and America at that time were most highly appreciated; and there is now at the capital, Reikiavik, a national library of about 30,000 volumes, and in other parts of the island four smaller libraries. But perhaps there is no country in the world where the people are so eager for books, and yet so ill able to purchase them, as in Iceland. Every one can read in Iceland—that is, every adult—and it is difficult to obtain the books desired, especially the rarer works which students want. In a circular which was recently issued in Berlin it was suggested that German, French, English, and American publishers would do well to send copies of their cheaper books to Iceland to sell on commission. There are a few valuable works published every year in Iceland, and also several newspapers. Foreign scholars or libraries desiring the books or journals issued in Iceland can address K. O. Thorgrimsson, bookseller, Reikiavik, and commission books can be sent to him as a trustworthy business man. There is frequent communication now with Iceland by steamers from Leith, Scotland, and from Copenhagen, Denmark.

Comte de Lesseps, with the engineers who have been engaged with him in the Panama Canal scheme, arrived in this city, by the steamer *Colon*, on February 24. The Comtesse de Lesseps and three children accompany him. The whole party went to the Windsor Hotel. Arrangements had been made to give a formal reception to the distinguished engineer, but the arrival of the *Colon* in port at a very early hour in the morning frustrated this plan. Various dinners and receptions are to be given him, indicating, as we understand them, not the acceptance or approval of his Panama scheme, but that the American people are glad to show honor to the distinguished constructor of such a work as the Suez Canal.

No class of citizens has contributed more generally to the relief of the famine-stricken people of Ireland and Silesia than the Jews—a fact which should be borne in mind, and should tend to remove the most unjust prejudice which exists in the minds of many persons toward this race. The educated Hebrews are liberal as a class.

A San Francisco newspaper is responsible for the following "page" purporting to have been taken from the "Czar's Diary": "Got up at 7 A.M., and ordered my bath. Found four gallons of vitrol in it, and did not take it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but luckily shook it out before putting it on. Went to breakfast. The Nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but did not step on them. The coffee smelled so strong of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Just before stepping into the carriage to go for my morning drive, it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 P.M., and made Baron Laischounowonski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters, and some London stout that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theatre, and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed, and slept all night on the roof of the palace."

The expected polar wave came, according to announcement, before the last quarter of February, and, as an exchange expressed it, "caught the bluebirds in full song, and froze the music in their throats." Well, if we don't have bluebird songs in February and March, we may have plenty of ice in July and August, which belief will afford present consolation for the loss of the music.

The ladies of the Aid Association of the Hahnemann Hospital have decided to hold a fair, commencing April 12, in aid of the "Free Bed Fund" of that institution. The high social standing of the officers of the association, and their experience in matters of this kind, give assurance that this undertaking will be a success even greater than the previous fair for the same institution. Madison Square Garden has been selected as the place for holding the fair, which will doubtless be a prominent attraction in the city during April.

The *Literary World* thus describes the house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Mr. James Russell Lowell was born, and still lives: "It is a fine old mansion of the Revolutionary period, square and three-storied, looking out from an environment of elms and other stately trees to the southward over the meadows of the Charles. Behind it rise the wooded slopes of Mount Auburn. Mr. Longfellow's home is half a mile away. Here, in simple but charming retirement, have been written the poems, the essays, and the critical papers which have distinguished Mr. Lowell's name; and here for many years were edited the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*."

Americans who wish to participate in the Berlin Fishery Exhibit, which is to take place next April, should send their goods to Mr. E. G. Blackford, the Fish Commissioner of the State of New York, No. 80 Fulton Market, before March 15. The Fish Commissioners of the United States are exerting themselves to make the exhibit of American fisheries at that time as complete as possible. It is not only the fish themselves, refrigerated and canned, and all the products derived from them, in whatever form, that are desired, but the apparatus used in catching fish—rods, lines, nets, trawls—as well as all the apparatus used in refrigerating, canning, and in fish-culture. The Berlin Exhibition will last a month, will doubtless be largely attended, and gives an opportunity for developing the trade of this country which should be improved.

A movement has again been made to take measures to preserve the Falls of Niagara from further desecration, and to secure land on each side of the Falls for an international park. A petition has been prepared for signature, addressed to the Governor of New York and the Governor-General of Canada, requesting them to use their influence to have proper legislation in the matter.

For many years there has existed in the First Ward of New York city the "Lord Industrial School and Working-men's Public Reading-Room," an institution which is quietly performing a most useful work. The school was organized to teach, and to such extent as is needful to clothe and feed, and to train to industrious habits, the destitute street children of the First Ward. The reading-room, which is free to all, is much frequented by working-men, the average attendance being about seven hundred a week. It contains a good selection of religious and secular journals, and these, with the books supplied by the library, form attractions strong enough to win many a man to spend his evenings there rather than in a drinking saloon. The library, however, is small, and the enterprise, which includes the maintenance of a series of evening lectures and entertainments, needs a more liberal support. One of the best ways to prevent drinking saloons from being patronized is to supply attractive occupation to the thousands in our city who have no cheerful home in which to spend their evenings.

THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB.

By JAMES D. SMILLIE, President.

Etching is the art of making a design or picture by the use of lines that have been corroded into the surface of metal—steel, copper, or zinc—by the action of acid, and from which metal surface with etched or corroded lines impressions may be taken upon paper, parchment, or other like material. Pen sketches are not etchings; photo-engraving or any of the many other similar processes are not etchings: no work is an etching that does not conform to the above simple formula.

The word "etching" is an Anglicized form of the Dutch *etsen*, which has the same origin as our verb "to eat"; consequently, unless there is corrosion, or eating away of substance, there is no etching. The word has been made to do very general duty, and it is time, owing to the new and wide-spread interest in the art, that it should be relieved of the burden of work that does not belong to it.

The interest is new, but the art is not. The question, Who made the first etching? is still in dispute. By some the credit is given to Dürer, by others to his master, Michael Wohlgemuth, while yet others think that the Italian school may claim the honor for Parmegiano. The weight of testimony seems to be in favor of the Dutch school, for, aside from the Dutch etymology of the word etching, Dürer's etchings bear the earliest dates. "Christ Praying on the Mount" bears date of 1515, and "The Rape of Proserpine" is dated a year later. Dürer's best-known work was done with the graver, his etchings being crude and monotonous, apparently owing to the fact that he knew nothing of "stopping out" (a process to be explained further along); consequently the lines are all of one weight, thickness, or intensity. The "Rape of Proserpine" and a landscape known as "The Cannon," bearing date of 1518, are said to have been etched on plates of iron or steel.

The revival of etching in England and France dates back at least thirty years. In this country sporadic and unsupported individual efforts date back ten, or at most fifteen, years. At least half a dozen of our artists have etched with more or less persistency during that time, but as there was no general demand or "market," their work was known only to a limited circle of friends and connoisseurs.

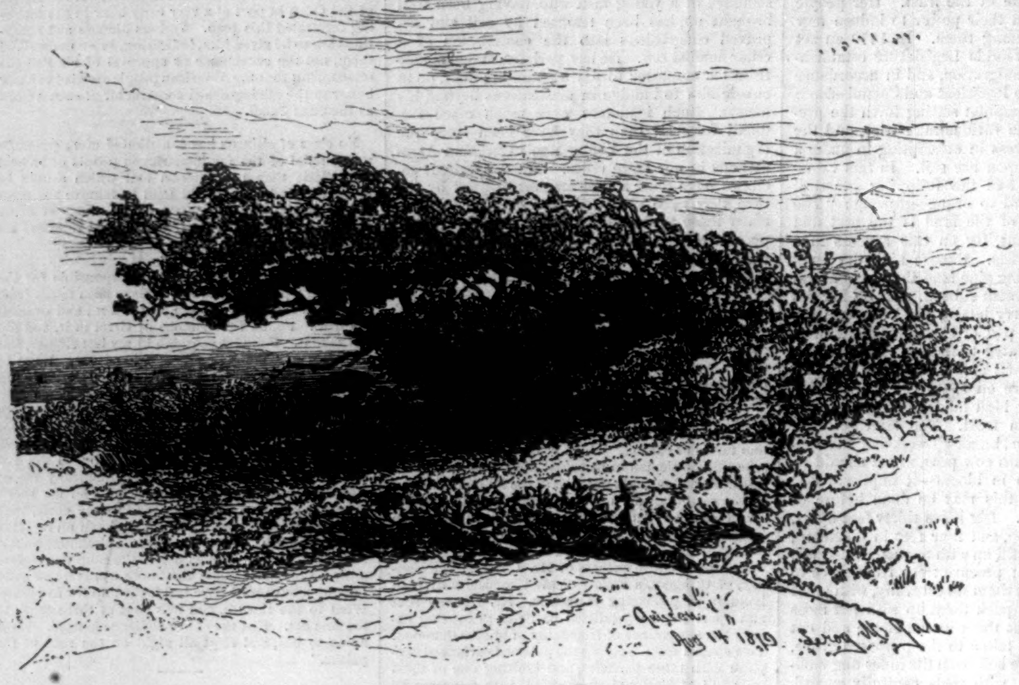
Nearly three years ago the etching fever grew so strong in certain art circles that it culminated in a natural result, the formation of an "Etching Club." In response to an invitation, about twenty artists met in one of our up-town studios, more than half of whom knew absolutely nothing about the most elementary of the processes; but so impatient were they to learn, that the formalities of an organization were hurried through; a constitution was offered, but time was too precious to be wasted in reading it, so, on motion duly made and seconded, it was unanimously adopted. It seems to be a very satisfactory document, for to this day no member has asked to see it.

All formalities being unceremoniously thrust out of the way, the real work of the evening began. Copper plates were produced; "grounds" were laid; two or three of the evangelists set to work scratching, every movement being eagerly watched by the uninitiated as they craned over the etchers. Trays were filled with acid; the slight etchings were slipped into the bath; eager eyes watched the acid bubbling at its work, and eager noses were made rebellious by the pungent fumes. An elegant brother, who had "dined out" early in the evening, doffed his stylish "sparrow-tail" (as the little miss termed it), rolled from his wrists his spotless linen, manned the press, smeared the newly bitten plate with blackest ink, then wiped clean its face, spread the damped "Japan paper" sheet, pulled the cross of the press, his elbows finding scant room in the crowd that pressed upon him, and in another moment the first-born of the New York Etching Club was tenderly passed from hand to hand, while remarks were freely made upon the beauty and promise of the child, its marked resemblance to its father, all joining in one sentiment—that it was as easy to do as "rolling off a log"; and, it may be added, some of those who thought it easiest, never, so far as I know, have tried to undeceive themselves.

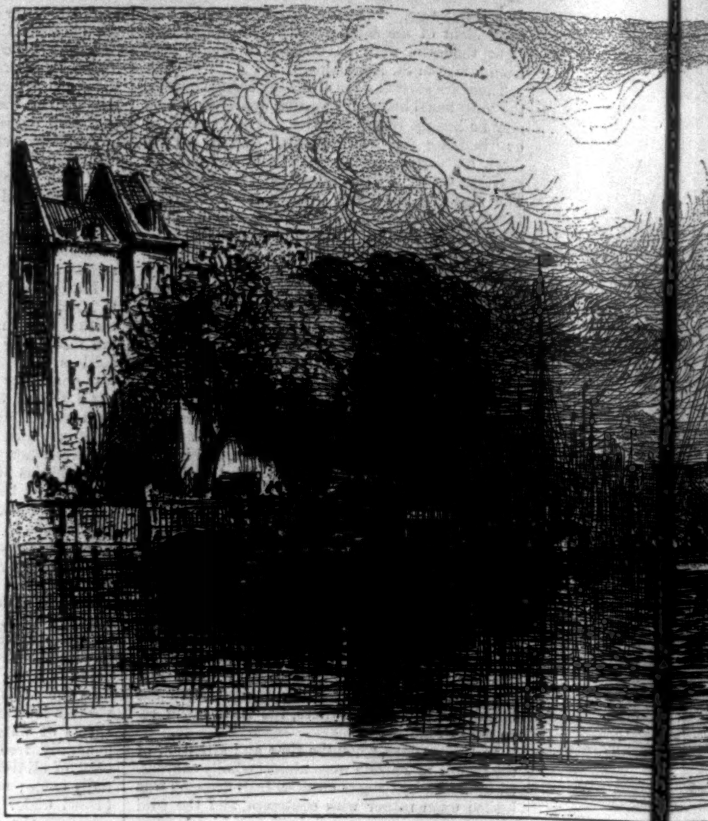
Since that time the club has met once a month during the winter season in a studio, when there is an exchange of information gathered by the members. Different processes are discussed; experiences are rehearsed; the work of the members is spread upon the table; or a member, proud of the acquisition of some foreign beauties—English, French, or Italian, or possibly even an old Rembrandt or a veritable Dürer—kindly gives his less favored brethren a chance to envy him and admire his possession. The result is the diffusion of knowledge and a spirit of emulation. Already proofs from one hundred and twenty plates etched by members have been presented at meetings of the club, and some of the novices at the organization of the club are now among the most enthusiastic and successful of its workers.

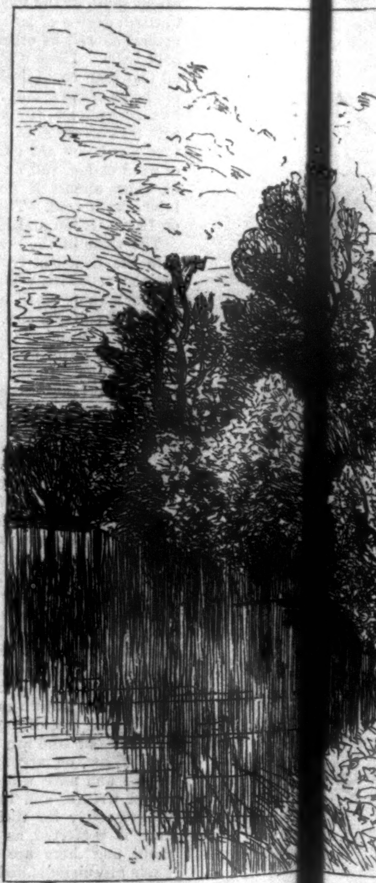
In attempting a description of the mechanial processes in etching, the limits of a newspaper article must necessarily preclude everything beyond a mere mention of the most generally practiced methods. There is a wide field for the artist etcher in which to indulge individual choice, not only in the selection of metals, acids, and inks, but also the methods of using them. As already stated, steel, copper, and zinc may be used. Steel is too h[illegible] but in acid gives a very pure [illegible]licate li hands of the printer [illegible] long. other hand, is too soft [illegible] as it ly to the acid, giving [illegible]old, vig is particularly inviting [illegible] the et sires to do quickly b[illegible] energe work. Copper is the [illegible] metal— py medium, the golde[illegible]an. Th the plate being polis[illegible] and ca

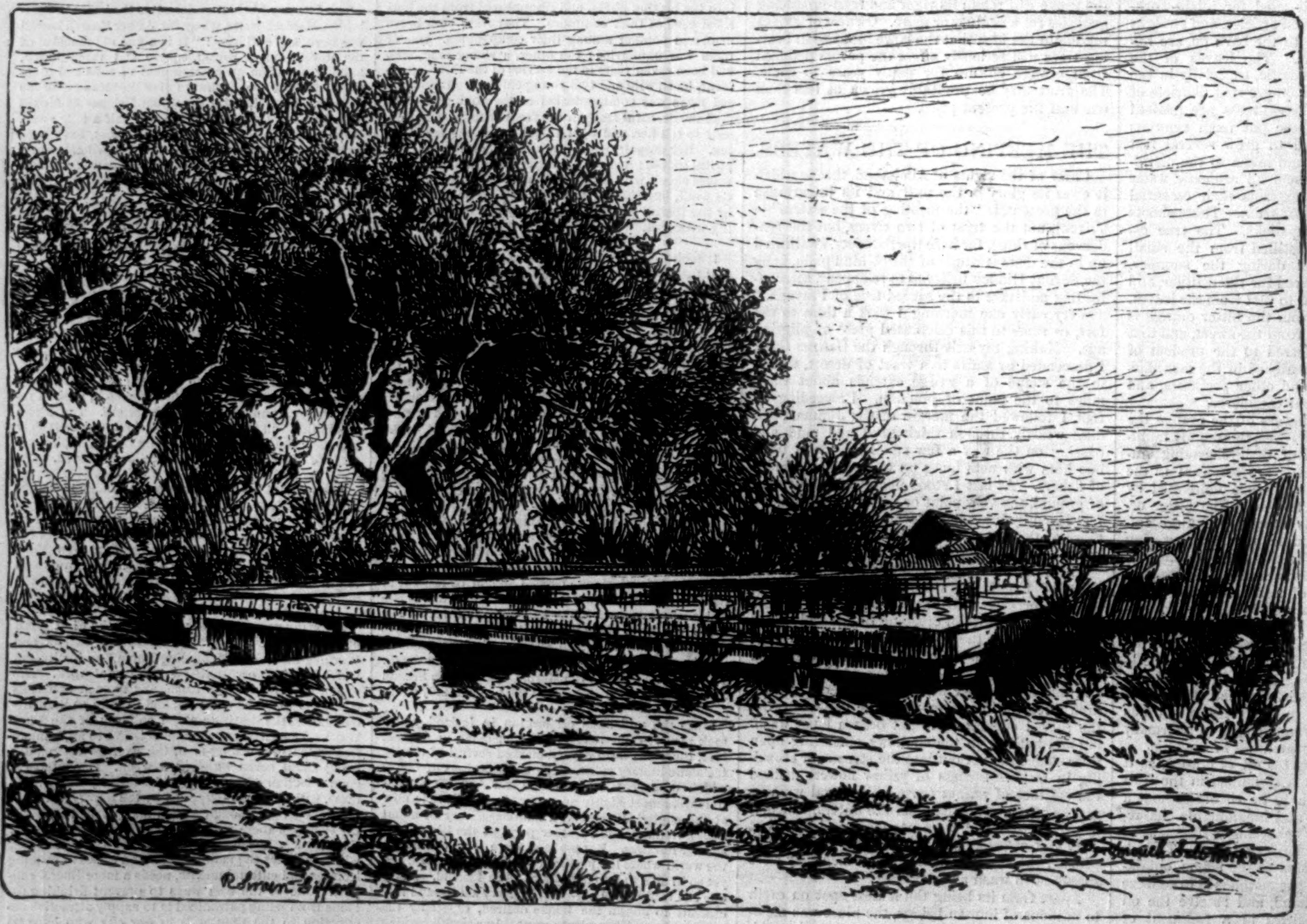
ed, the etcher heats [illegible] with a skin "dabber" (old-[illegible]ned way) rubber roller (new), [illegible] over it amber-colored "grou[illegible]mposed white wax, and Burg[illegible]tch. Thi is then smoked with [illegible], and bec black. Asphaltum v[illegible] spread w over the back and ed[illegible] the plate. completely protected [illegible]t the acti By the use of black-[illegible] tissue-pap ject to be etched may [illegible]d upon th Then the etcher take[illegible]d his poin This may be a rat-tai[illegible]ound smo of those little dental [illegible]ents that so painfully well as [illegible] filling te sibly a good stout da[illegible]eedle. It Turner made some o[illegible]hings with ened prong of an old [illegible]ork. A physician of this city [illegible] a plate ve



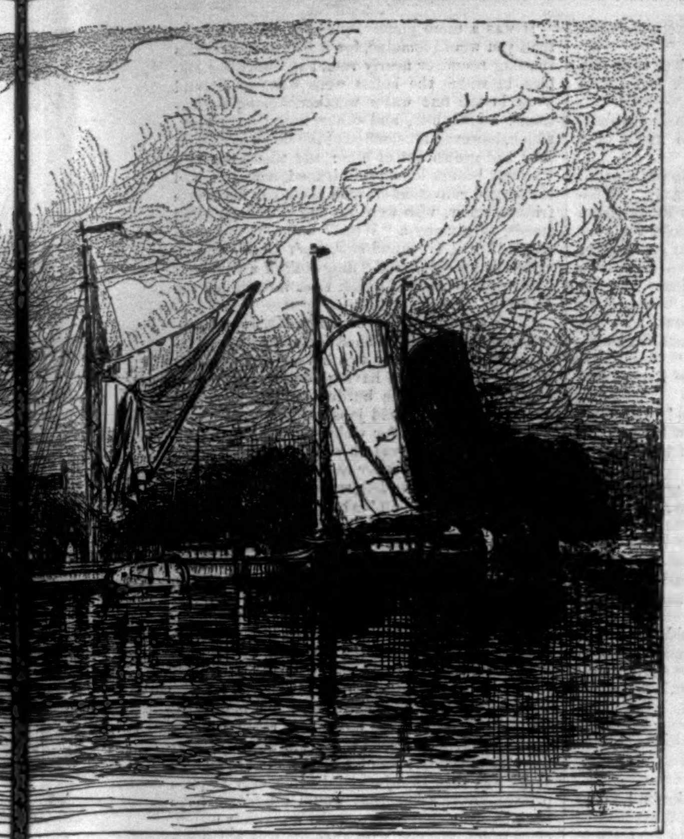
QUISSETT.—Leroy M. Yale.


AMSTERDAM.—[illegible]uel Co


WINDSOR CASTLE FRO[illegible] THAME

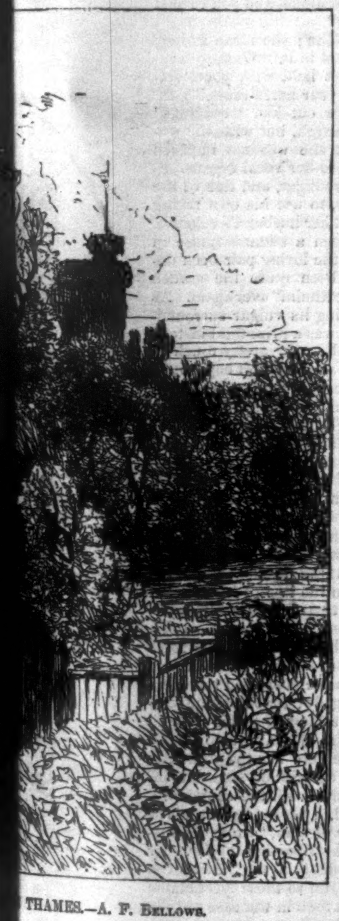


DARTMOUTH SALT-WORKS.—R. Swain Gifford.



…uel Colman.

but in answer to the
…icate line, and in the
…s long. Zinc, on the
…as it yields prompt-
…old, vigorous line, it
the etcher who de-
…energetic, off-hand
…metal—it is the hap-
…an. The surface of
…and carefully clean-

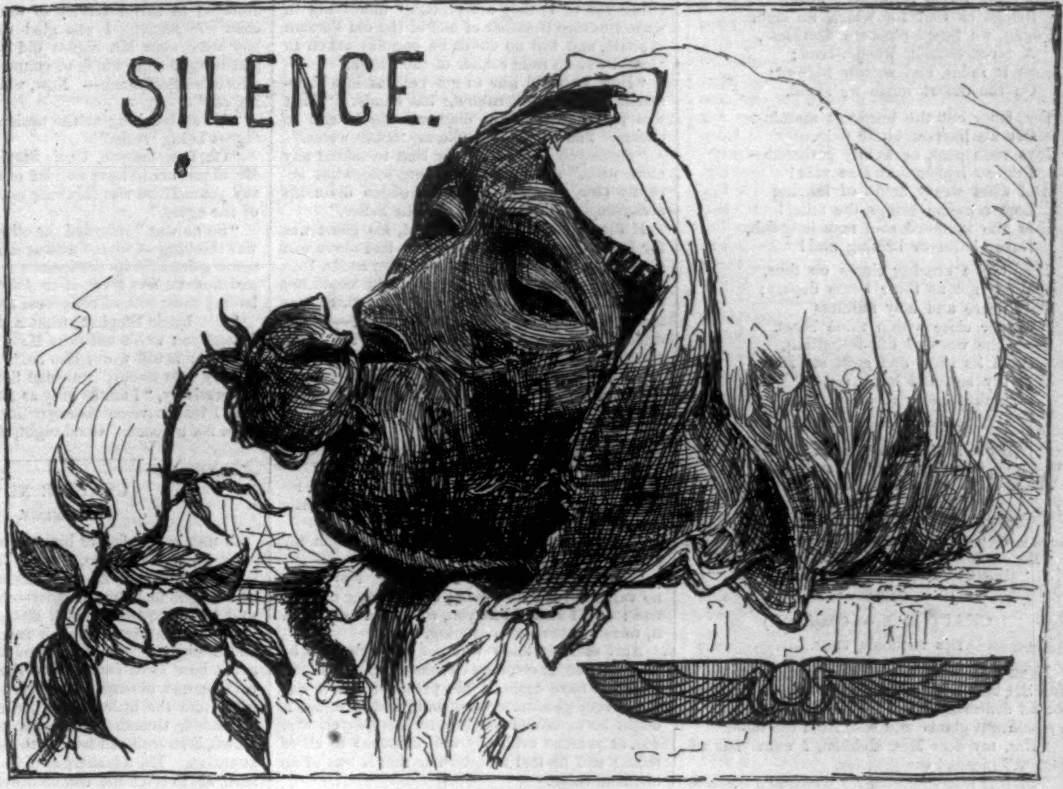


THAMES.—A. F. Bellows.

with a silk or kid-
…ned way), or with a
…over it a very thin
…mposed of bitumen,
…tch. This "ground"
…, and becomes glossy
…s spread with a brush
…he plate. It is then
…the action of acid.
…tissue-paper, the sub-
…d upon the "ground."
…d his point or needle.
…ound smooth, or one
…ents that we all know
…filling teeth, or pos-
…edle. It is said that
…hings with the sharp-
…ork. A well-known
…a plate very cleverly

with a vaccinator. Although it took unmistakably well, it did not prevent the plate from being deeply pitted by "foul biting." A firm, practiced hand will work with the point over the surface of the plate as freely as with a pen upon paper. The "ground," being of scarcely appreciable thickness, offers no resistance, but, that the action of the acid may be even, the metal must be scratched, or, as **Haden** phrases it, "wounded."

The drawing of the lines being completed, the plate is ready for the acid. A number of different acids and compounds may be used, but perhaps the simplest is one part of nitric acid with two parts of water. This being poured into a shallow tray or bath, the plate is slipped into it, and the process of "biting" begins. In three or four minutes, if the acid works freely, as it is likely to do in an even temperature above 70°, it will be time to take the plate out, wash it with water, and carefully dry it. The parts of the etching that are to be lightest or most delicate are then "stopped out," or painted out with asphaltum varnish; in a few minutes the varnish dries, and the plate is returned to the acid bath, where the work of "biting" is resumed upon all of the lines except the ones that have been stopped out." Another interval of a few minutes, and again the plate is removed from the acid, washed and dried, and the parts that are desired to be next lightest are "stopped out." This operation is repeated, according to the judgment of the etcher, until the last "biting" gives him as strong a line as is needed to give the required blackness to the darkest object in the etching. Spirits of turpentine will clean the ground and varnish from the surface of the plate, and then for the first time the etching is clearly revealed—a series of dark lines of varying depth or intensity corroded into the bright, warm-colored copper. An etched plate is a beautiful object.



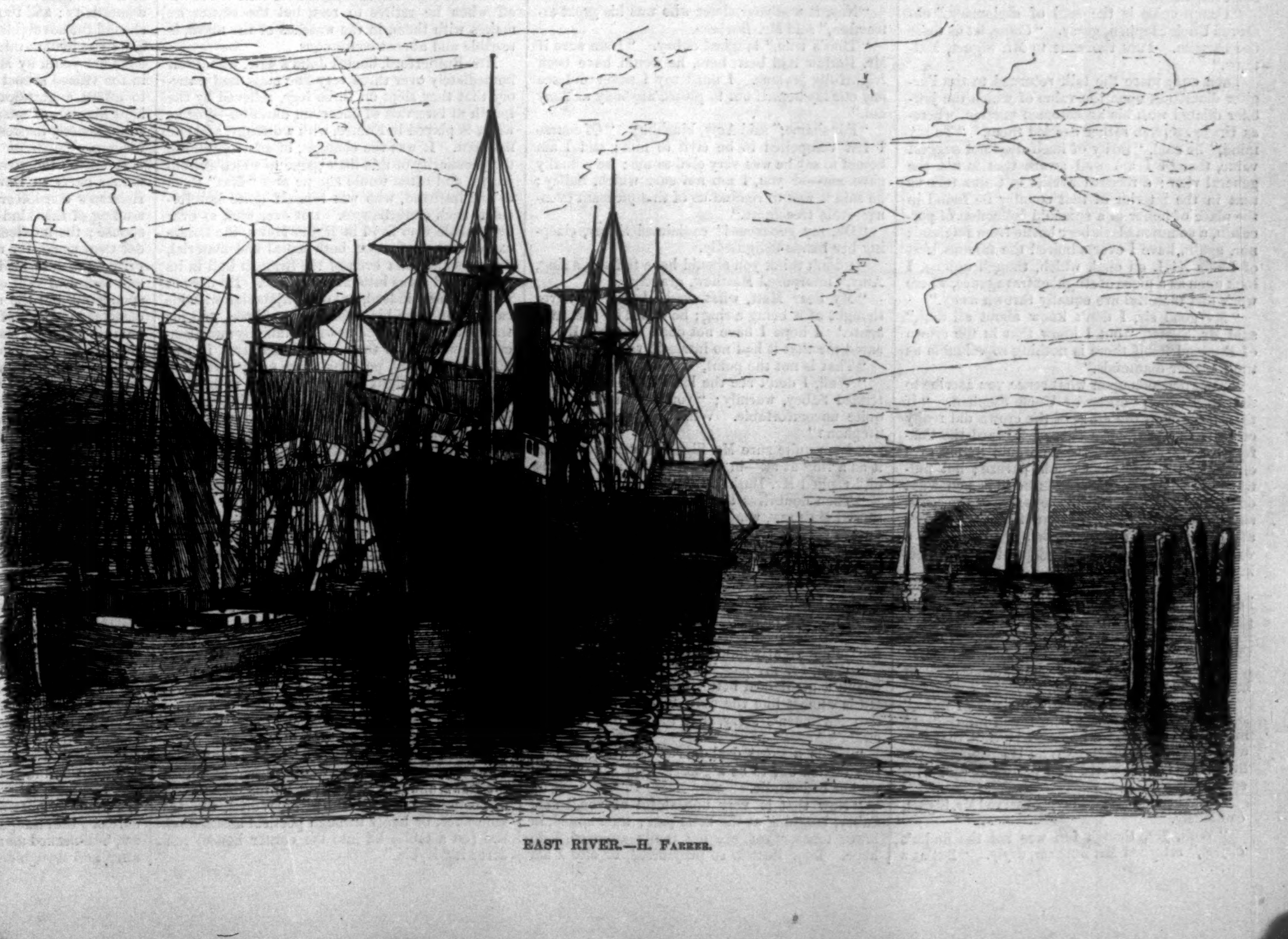
SILENCE.—F. S. Church.

The enthusiastic etcher has his own printing-press and his miniature printing establishment, with its stock of inks and oils, French and Japanese papers, press boards, and what not. The printing of free-hand etchings may be described in a general way as the same as ordinary copper-plate printing; but if the artist himself prints, giving a real autograph proof, there is a value added that is found only in the work that comes from the hand of the master. He diffuses a tone—the ink is deftly made to accumulate in one place, giving a velvety softness, while it is as deftly removed from another, with a luminous result. The manner of printing an etching is a matter of vital importance. Under ordinary plate-printing methods the result would be a cold, hard, wire-like print; but with ink softened and enriched in color by the addition of a little umber, and so wiped from the plate that a film of it prevails as a scarce perceptible tone over all, with each strong line re-enforced by an overflow of ink that shades and softens it, with the added advantage of being "proved" upon translucent paper that seems to entangle light among the lines, the possible result would be a union of tenderness and strength, of airy lightness and solidity, the crowning graces of the art of etching.

The illustrations that accompany this article are selected from representative work by some of our most successful and artistic etchers. To give a just idea of the originals, everything has been done that can be done by flat or surface printing, which is the very reverse of copper-plate printing, where a heavy roller, faced with blankets, forces damped paper into the ink-filled lines to get a "proof." In looking at them, it must be remembered that only the system of lines is here shown—the skeleton of the etching; there is no overspreading tone, no melting line in the distance, and no embossed, velvet-like line in the foreground. Etching only is etching, and nothing else can take its place.

"Dry-point" is the making of lines as strong as required by simple pressure upon the etching point without the aid of acid. Such a line has a peculiar character, readily distinguishing it from a "bitten" line. The "bitten" or acid line has an edge that is comparatively rough; the "dry-point" line is smooth, and as it is made by the displacement of metal, there is turned up at the edges of the line what is technically known as "burr." When a print is taken, this "burr" holds the ink, and produces a soft, fuzzy, and indefinite line. A number of such lines together will produce a velvet-like black. Many etchers of repute have done what have been known as etchings wholly in "dry-point." An excellent specimen of this form of work was to be found in the frame of **Tissot's**, hanging on the right of the stairway entering the corridor of the Water-color Exhibition.

The question is often asked, "Wherein does etching differ from ordinary engraving?" The limits that define the two overlap in the work of some men, and they are often confounded with each other by careless writers. **L'Huillier** and **Unger** do work that can hardly be called free-hand etching, but that may be described as very artistic engraving, and free from conventional and traditional methods. Artistic etching depends upon the acid to complete the work; but when an engraver has finished his complicated and mechanical etching, he has ordinarily accomplished only about a third of his laborious journey toward the finish of his plate. The other two-thirds are given to the use of graver and burnisher, rebiting and refinishing; a complex toil that can be successfully accomplished only after years of devoted labor; a work with which the spirit of to-day has little sympathy; a work that for artistic energy and vitality can never bear comparison with free-hand etching.



EAST RIVER.—H. Farrer.

LIFE.

SHORT days flying, swift years rolling
Downward toward eternity:
Ere we understand our longings
Oft the open grave we see.
Cares and wishes crowd together,
Changing ever in the breast:
With the morning comes the knowledge,
Joy fulfilled can give no rest.

Schemes of life and plans for living
Fancy bids us ever try,
But their sweet fulfillment never
Brings us that for which we sigh.
Young, we fancy pleasure deathless,
A far-stretching wonder-land;
Soon it fades, and sorrow follows;
On the desert waste we stand.

Yes, from out the brightest morning
Oft we harvest bitter pain,
Joys soon past, or lightly gathered—
Life so fruitless and so vain!
Ah! what weary hours of longing
Lost occasion brings the mind!
How the wounded soul may languish,
Never balm or healing find!

Then when evening closes on thee,
Weep not as thine hours depart;
Only peace and holy stillness
Gather close within thine heart.
Then, the woes of life forgetting,
From its stain and guilt set free,
Will thy last and lowly pillow
Like the tender rose leaf be.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

THE PATRON'S VISIT.

HERE Uncle Stephen burst out laughing, which was the best thing, perhaps, he could have done for all concerned; and the two ladies exchanged a significant glance and rose from the table.

"But, my dear Mrs. Helston, I want your advocacy," pleaded the jeweller.

"I never interfere with my husband's business arrangements, Mr. Signet," she answered; "but I must say I think the hours he is kept up and out by Lady Pargiter's diamonds are most unreasonable. Even in summer it is bad enough, but in winter—and Matthew is far from strong—the service is a most severe one; so," she added, with a good-natured smile, "I can not give you my vote and interest;" and she left the room with her sister.

Then Matthew broke the silence he had maintained for the last half hour for the first time. "I had intended that yesterday's expedition to Moor Street should be my last, Mr. Signet," said he, gravely; "but since it seems my sudden withdrawal from this service would put you to inconvenience, I will continue to perform it for you till the end of the year, which will give you time to find a substitute."

"Well, of course it's better than crying off at once," said Mr. Signet, grudgingly; "'half a loaf is better than no bread;' let us say up to December 31st, then."

"Compromise is the soul of diplomacy," observed Uncle Stephen, gayly. "Come, let us toast the bargain. Pass the wine to Mr. Signet, Matthew."

Then once more the talk returned to the Pargiter diamonds, upon the value of which the jeweller dilated with his accustomed unction, whereas Uncle Stephen rather decried them. "To my mind," he said, "rarity of itself does not suggest value, though I am well aware that is not the general view; a recent traveller in China tells us that in the interior of that country he found in the place of honor of a splendid collection of porcelain, a common black beer bottle from England; nor, again, have I ever admired the famous bust of Louis XIII. on opal, which, though unique, I look upon as a piece of stupid extravagance, where work and material are equally thrown away."

"My good sir, I don't know about all that," said Mr. Signet, "but I know that in the crown of England itself there is nothing so valuable as the Pargiter diamonds."

"That depends upon what sense you ascribe to the word value," observed Uncle Stephen. "If the sapphire on the cross of the crown did really come from the famous ring of Edward the Confessor, then that jewel alone would in my eyes outweigh her ladyship's whole parure; but putting that aside, since its authenticity is somewhat doubtful, surely the ruby in the centre of the cross, as being the very one that our fifth Henry wore at the battle of Agincourt, has a value—and a very high one—altogether independent of its being a precious stone."

Mr. Signet shook his head; a ruby was a ruby, he contended, whether it belonged to Lady Pargiter or Henry V., and must be judged on its own merits. "For my part," he concluded, "I am in these matters, like your nephew, sir, a radical, and see no advantage, but an immense deal of humbug, in your genealogies."

"You remind me of another friend of mine," smiled Uncle Stephen, "who found interpolated in a very fine one, 'Who begat Hurtah, that was a brave eater of pottage, Who begat Mazan, the first man in the world who played at dice with spectacles.'"

"That sounds very funny," observed Mr. Signet, cautiously.

"Well, yes, though fun was not the finder's object," returned Mr. Durham, dryly. "But as a crucial test of your theory, Mr. Signet, would you maintain, if the Urim and Thummim were found to-morrow—the very breastplate on which the declaration of the wrath or favor of Jehovah is said to have been written—that the precious stones that formed it would have no greater value than any of the same size you may have in Poulet Street?"

"Well, you see, they never *will* be found, Mr. Durham, so it's no use talking about them."

"I beg your pardon, sir; they *will* be found," returned Uncle Stephen, emphatically. "They are, remember, indestructible, and (as one tells us, who knows far more upon this subject than either you or I) they are probably now lying in some treasure chamber of one of the old Persian capitals, and will no doubt be one day taken as 'loot' by some rude soldier of the Czar's."

"How I should like to get hold of him!" remarked Mr. Signet, rubbing his hands. "That was just how the Pitt diamond was bought so cheap. You positively make my mouth water."

"Since you seem to prefer that to taking any more wine," said Uncle Stephen, somewhat abruptly (for the jeweller had trodden upon his archæological toe), "let us join the ladies."

If the host was slightly ruffled, his guest was far from being so; he thought he had never met a man so full of valuable information as Mr. Durham, and was wondering whether he could not put him to some practical use; and there was some one waiting—perhaps for him?—in the drawing-room, who had even a greater attraction for him.

"Miss Thurlow," murmured the little man, as he sat beside her somewhat later, looking over the pages of a photograph-book, "I shall never forget this pleasant evening."

"I am sure, Mr. Signet, we shall recollect it with equal pleasure," answered Amy, civilly.

"No, no; that is not to be expected," he replied, "but—now—would you do me a little favor?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Signet, if it lies in my power."

"Then pray accept this tree-agate. Nay, it has no value beyond its having excited your admiration: only I should like you, when you look upon it, to remember—this evening."

Amy scarcely knew whether to laugh or to be annoyed; under ordinary circumstances she would certainly have declined his present; but it was really very good-natured of him, and to refuse it might be to offend her brother's employer, who was at present evidently well disposed to all of them; and he had assured her that it was of no intrinsic value.

"But really, Mr. Signet—" said she.

"Nay, not another word: it is not worth your thanks," he said. "Dear me, how late it is!—Mrs. Helston, the time has passed so quickly under your roof that I was quite unaware of the hour. My carriage must have been here this long while. I am sure I must be keeping you all up."

"No, no; you are not like Lady Pargiter," said Sabey, laughing. "Well, if you *must* go;" whereupon Mr. Signet took his leave in the most friendly manner.

"Oh dear," sighed Sabey, when Matthew had returned from seeing their visitor off the premises, "I am so glad it's over! How do you think it all went off?"

"Admirably," said Mr. Durham, laughing. "I hope I talked shop enough to please him."

"You behaved to perfection, uncle," cried Sabey, kissing him. "I am sure Mr. Signet thinks there is nobody like you—in which I quite agree with him."

"Nay, it was your sister who was his great attraction," said Mr. Durham.

"That's true," laughed Sabey. "I am sure if Mr. Barlow had been here, he would have been frightfully jealous. I must say I never did see any one lay herself out to please anybody as Amy did."

"For shame," said Amy, blushing. "Of course I felt compelled to be civil to him; and I am bound to say he was very civil to me; he actually gave me—or you, I am not sure which, Sabey; he said it was to remind us of this pleasant evening—this tree-agate."

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Sabey, clasping her hands delightedly.

"I don't think you should have taken his ring, Amy," interposed Matthew, gravely.

"My dear Matt, what could I do? I never thought of it being a ring; he called it 'this tree-agate.' I hope I have not done wrong. He assured me that it had no intrinsic value."

"That is not the point," said Matthew.

"Well, I don't see the least harm in it," contended Sabey, warmly; "you are making Amy quite uncomfortable. What do *you* say, Uncle Stephen?"

"I am quite sure Mr. Signet never thought of it as a ring at all—in the sense you are thinking of," replied Mr. Durham.

"Then doubtless there is no harm done," observed Matthew, who had great confidence in his uncle's judgment. "It was Mr. Signet's own fault, of course, in any case; and it was taking a great liberty."

"Nevertheless everything went off so well, I am glad he has been," said Sabey.

"I am still more glad he is gone," replied Matthew, still far from appeased. And he went off to smoke his nightly pipe.

"Well, for my part," said Sabey, "I like our friend a great deal better than I expected to do. He is almost like the ugly duck in Hans Christian Andersen's story, that turned out to be a swan."

"He is a great deal more like a cygnet that has turned out to be a goose," said Amy, taking up her bed-candle.

"Now that is very ungrateful of you," said Sabey, laughing at the little pun; then added, in lower tones, "you are not really annoyed, I do hope. Dear Matt is so prejudiced, or else I am sure he would never have said you were wrong to take the ring."

"I am not annoyed with Matt, but with myself," said Amy. "I'll send it back to the man to-morrow morning."

"I would not do that," put in Uncle Stephen, gently; "it would be making too much of a trifle."

"There, you hear what Uncle Stephen says: pray don't think any more about it, Amy. Good-night, darling." Then she turned to Mr. Durham. "How thankful I am to you, uncle, for your good advice to my sister, who I can see is more annoyed at this behavior of our visitor's even than she seems. I was glad to hear you say you were sure Mr. Signet did not think of his gift being a ring, which of course would have had a certain significance— Now, what are you laughing at?"

"I was laughing at the notion of Barlow and Signet being rivals."

"Oh, how *can* you, Uncle Stephen! Of course Mr. Signet could have no idea of *that* kind. You say yourself he was thinking not of the ring but of the agate."

"So he was," returned the other, gravely; "he was thinking of what I said at dinner, that a tree-agate gained for its possessor the love of women: and now he has given it to Amy in hopes of its having some sort of reciprocal action."

"Oh, Uncle Stephen, what a dreadful notion! I hope you won't tell dear Matt what you think about it: it will worry him so."

"My dear Sabey," returned the old gentleman, impressively, "I am as gray as any goose I know, and, I fear, have as disproportionate a liver; but I am *not* a goose. Good-night, dear."

CHAPTER XI.

HYBLA MEWS.

A MAN might flatter himself he knew London—by which, of course, I mean the West End of it, since it can be no compliment to anybody to be thought to know the City—and yet he might well be unacquainted with Hybla Mews, Brompton. The district, indeed, is fashionable enough, and if slightly "naughty," would not on that account be a *terra incognita* to the sort of person who plumes himself on his metropolitan knowledge; but the little row of tenements I have in my mind, though contiguous to the madding crowd, is so secluded from it that it easily escapes attention. The advantages of its position are not such as to rivet the common eye even if it has gained its attention. The houses consist but of one story, are separated from one another but by a narrow space, and their ground-floor is for the most part tenanted by quadrupeds. I do not say by "horses," because I like to be exact, and some of them are occupied by cows. In the latter case, if you looked suddenly and incautiously out of a first-floor window, and found the down-stair lodger doing the like, you were nearer her horns than was pleasant; but on the other hand, the aroma was more agreeable than if you lived over the horses.

I know my countrymen, and am far too wise to say a word against that noble animal which is the object of worship with so many of them, but the horse is not an agreeable creature, especially in the summer-time, to have on your ground-floor. His *bouquet* is wholesome, I have heard upon the highest authority, but, like most other wholesome things, it is not very nice; and he is undoubtedly noisy. Of course, under the circumstances, it can not be expected that he should take his shoes off when he retires to rest, but the clatter he makes with them, in the watches of the night, is terrible and almost continuous.

Mrs. Rutherford, honest John's wife, who dwelt immediately over three very fine ones, had a theory that they slept on three legs, relieved by the fourth at intervals of uncertain duration—just as whist is played in France, with a dummy, and one man out. It was the changes, of course, and not the peculiarity of this little game to which she objected, and often would she lie and "drat" them to her husband, who was himself quite indifferent to such disturbances. But over him, as over every male who lived in Hybla Mews, the horses exercised an influence, both moral and material, before which that even of the Bramah bull in its native land sinks into insignificance. He did not worship them, indeed, but (in conjunction with his cabs) they were his means of livelihood, and his thoughts and aspirations were infinitely more concerned with them than with humanity. It was not so wonderful, perhaps, since every dweller in Hybla Mews might literally be said to breathe horse, as well as to smell him, hear him, and imbibe him at every pore; only it had no such moral effect upon the women. As a rule, they only thought of horses as creatures that kept their husbands up at night, and caused them to lose money in backing them. For though of course these were no race-horses, some of them were cousins and even half-brothers of such; and these equine relations led every male inhabitant, from Lord Tomnoddy's head groom down to Dick Dartmoor, the waterman of the neighboring cab stand, to follow—though of necessity at a distance—the profession of the Turf. It was even whispered that at the "Rising Sun," the public at the corner of the Mews, to which poor Dick clung like a limpet in the winter months, a gentleman might put his money on any coming event, with a reasonable prospect (if his horse should win) of getting it back again with interest: for the landlord was a "knowing card," and understood the penalties of keeping a betting house—and how to avoid them. He was a man of capital, having married Miss Hibeler, a Hebrew lady, whose father had built the Mews, and intended it to hand his name down to posterity, only the Board of Works, through ignorance, or haply through poetical association, had (on a tablet let into the corner house) rendered it "Hybla."

It was a more picturesque spot, on the whole, than you would imagine, for it had open galleries running round or nearly round it, above the stables, in which the ladies were wont to sit and work in the fine warm weather, among nasturtiums, mignonette, and other flowering plants, which, however, all smelled of the horse as though they had grown out of him; and where the men who had leisure lolled, and leaned, and spat, and exchanged conversation with their less fortunate friends below, who were hissing over their tired steeds, with many a "Woa!" and a "Now *then*, stupid!" and a "Stand still, *can't* you?" which, varied by an occasional "fling out" of a couple of iron heels, diversified rather than interrupted the dialogue.

Of all the tenants of the Mews, Mr. John Rutherford was perhaps the most fortunate as respected leisure; for having two horses and as many cabs of his own, and having been spared, as he has hinted to us, the burden of paternity, and also having those "odd jobs" in connection with "Master Matthew" for which he was very handsomely paid, there was no such necessity for exertion as existed in other cases, and without that stimulus this honest fellow was the last man in the world to work: in his eyes (and I quite agree with him) it would have been nothing less than flying in the face of Providence.

He employed himself in his hours of leisure with his pipe, and occasionally in perusing some sporting journal, though, to say truth, this was done (just as I have seen gentlemen of much higher position perusing a French newspaper at their club) rather with the intention of impressing the public with his literary acquirements than from any personal gratification he derived from it. His education, in fact, had been much neglected, the delights of snaring hares and rabbits in his boyhood having seduced him from attendance at the village school; and his punishment in mature years was this, that he could often only acquire printed information, that would otherwise have been easily within his grasp, by a subtlety which, even when crowned with success, was not unaccompanied with a certain sense of humiliation.

"There's a very pretty account of that there 'set-to,' down at Hanley, Sally, in this here paper," he would observe to his good woman, who usually sat beside him in the verander (as she called it) on these occasions.

"*Is* there?" she would reply, with an indifferent air, and proceeding with her knitting even more assiduously than before.

"It is very *interesting* indeed, my dear."

"I am glad you like it, John."

"Well, of course I like it, but I should relish it a deal better if I heard you read it. It's a sort of thing as should be read aloud, and you've just got the voice for it, Sally."

"Get along with you, John; you mean as how it's got some longish words in it. Well, give us the paper, though I don't hold with your 'set-to's' any more than with your horse-races."

Thus Mrs. Rutherford's out-door "readings" would be given readily enough, but with the distinct understanding that she was not imposed upon by any compliment to her vocal organs.

If that lady had been younger, and less of the hue of the carnation (for, to use his own racing phraseology, she "sported her husband's colors"), and if the gallery had been a summer-house in Italy, and above all, had the loving pair been unmarried, it would have been quite the garden scene from "Francesca de Rimini" over again. As it was, and notwithstanding its vulgar surroundings, and that the subject was a prize-fight instead of a poem, the affair had a very pretty touch of domesticity; and though she mightn't enjoy it as she did the novel (bless her!) in her Sunday paper, Sally was glad to think that the learning (imparted in her youth by Mrs. Thurlow, Sabey's mother, in the village school at Tarlton) now enabled her to afford a gratification to her husband which kept him out of mischief in his idle time, as well as immensely impressed him with her talents and wisdom.

It was on the afternoon but one after the little dinner party in Cavendish Grove that Matthew Helston's charioteer chanced to be enjoying a reading of this kind from the lips of his faithful spouse; the intellectual treat was of a higher order than usual, for not only were the details of a prize-fight described with all the dramatic force and technical skill of "our special 'Fancy' correspondent," but the narrative possessed the unaccustomed element of Tragedy; for one of the combatants had been slain; a blow upon his "conk" had not only "drawn the claret," but his life's blood. The death of the hero was magnificently portrayed, but even that description sank into insignificance when compared with the eulogy pronounced on the Departed. "If ever greatness of soul raised the character of man," wrote the special correspondent of the *Sporting Buffer*, "or humanity shone resplendent in the heart of a human being, a purer claim to those inestimable qualities was never put in than in the case of Billy Barlow, the Putney Slasher."

In a voice broken with emotion Mrs. Rutherford had just finished the last pathetic lines, when, looking up for compliment and applause from her audience (as even the most modest of readers will do), she perceived that its attention had been distracted elsewhere. Her husband was leaning over the railing of the gallery, and staring intently at two men who were coming down the Mews.

"Well, I'm sure!" she exclaimed, with considerable disgust, and a toss of her head that shook her cap strings.

"Who on earth is that swell as Dick Dartmoor has got with him, Sally?" was her husband's inconsequential rejoinder.

Sally was much too hurt to vouchsafe any reply, but her glance followed the direction of his eyes, and in spite of herself surveyed with some curiosity the stranger in question. He was a thick-set, bull-necked man of no very attractive appearance, and though dressed in well-cut clothes, with a fine scarf-pin and Albert chain, was scarcely the sort of "swell" depicted by Mr. Du Maurier. The contrast, however, between his appearance and that of his companion—who was almost in rags, and where his gaiters should by rights have come wore a couple of hay bands twisted round his ankles—was sufficiently striking. Mr. Richard Dartmoor had obviously gone to the dogs, whereas the puffy face and evil eyes of the other were at present the only signs that he was on the same road.

"Why, blow me, Sally, if they ain't a-coming here!" continued Mr. Rutherford, excitedly. "What can they be up to?"

"To no good, if Dick Dartmoor's one of 'em," returned his lady, curtly.

"Mark my words, Sally, it's a tip o' some kind."

"Then if it is—mark mine—Dick 'll tip you over." Mrs. Rutherford had as good cause to distrust the "early information" given by Dick Dartmoor to her husband as the Trojans had to fear the gifts of the Greeks in the horse line. As he himself confessed in moments of repentance, if it hadn't been for Dick's "perfect certainties," he would have been richer by many a five-pound note.

"Genelman wants to see *you*, John," exclaimed Dick, calling from below; his voice was husky and somewhat thick with liquor, and, as though aware of that fact, he pointed to the "genelman" with his finger to give significance to his words.

"Proud, I'm sure," said John, removing the fur cap which he wore at all seasons without the least reference to the temperature. "Walk up, sir."

While the heavy creak of the stranger's step, followed by Dick's well-known shambling stumble, was heard upon the stairs, Mrs. Rutherford leaned forward toward her husband, and whispered, "I don't like the look of 'im, and I mean to see this out, John."

John nodded assent, or at all events acquiescence; he was quite sober (and therefore tractable), and he knew that when his good lady said, "I mean," she meant it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODEL SCHOOL PLANS.

ONE year ago much popular interest was created by a movement to improve the sanitary condition of the tenement-houses in New York. A competition was instituted for a model house for working-men, and was followed by an amendment to the Tenement-house Act, by which it was forbidden to erect buildings of this class in future which did not meet the approval of the health authorities. Since this change in the law was made, over four hundred improved tenement-houses have been erected in New York city, while the owners of existing buildings of this class have been induced to make them much more decent and habitable.

With a view to accomplishing like benefits in another direction, another competition was lately instituted by *The Sanitary Engineer* for the design of a model school, the sanitary defects of our public schools being generally recognized as scarcely less than those of the homes of the poor. Prizes amounting in the aggregate to five hundred dollars were offered for the best four designs, and the following eminent gentlemen were selected as the committee of award: Mr. GEORGE B. POST, architect, New York; JOHN S. BILLINGS, Vice-President National Board of Health; Hon. JOHN D. PHILBRICK, LL.D., late United States Commissioner of Education at Vienna and Paris Exhibitions; Professor WILLIAM R. WARE, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Dr. C. R. AGNEW, New York. The terms of the competition required that the building should accommodate 800 pupils, half of each sex, and be erected on a lot 100×100, fronting north, and inclosed by buildings of average city height. It must be of fire-proof construction, with separate entrances and class-rooms for each sex; one assembly hall only; principals' and teachers' retiring-rooms; class-rooms to accommodate fifty-four to fifty-six scholors, and each scholar to have a separate desk; no provision to be made for janitor's family. The features which had weight with the committee of award were: 1, convenience of arrangement for school purposes; 2, security against fire, and facility for egress; 3, distribution of light; 4, ventilation and heating; 5, drainage and other sanitary appointments.

The conditions were intentionally made hard of fulfillment, the object being to demonstrate that the requirements at present enforced in building ordinary schools in New York city are unwise, and that it is dangerous to herd two thousand or more children, as is constantly done, on a lot one hundred feet square, shut in on all sides by surrounding buildings, many of which are breeding-places for contagion. The designs received in the competition were exhibited at the New York Academy of Design from February 4 to 12. At the private view, February 3, the New York Sanitary Reform Society and members of the press attended, and addresses were made by Professor CHANDLER, President of the Board of Health, D. WILLIS JAMES, Esq., and Rev. Dr. POTTER.

Nearly one hundred separate designs were received, including forty from New York architects, while the following other cities were represented: Boston; Philadelphia; Baltimore; Washington; Hartford; Providence; Springfield, Worcester, Brockton, Brightwood, Massachusetts; Lawrence; Buffalo; Albany; Elmira; Ithaca; Cincinnati, Columbus, Ohio; Chicago, Springfield, Illinois; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Davenport, Iowa; St. Louis; Milwaukee; Kansas City; Santa Barbara, Oakland, California; St. John, New Brunswick; Pittsburgh; Plainfield, Paterson, New Jersey; Bloomington, Illinois; Auburndale, Hanover, Massachusetts; Newport; Germantown, Pennsylvania; Sparkill, New York; West New Brighton, Staten Island; and London, Ontario—making forty-one localities in all. One design was submitted by a Japanese architect.

The exhibition was attended by a varied class of visitors, including school officers, teachers, architects, builders, physicians, artists, etc.

The display was creditable alike to the taste, invention, and diligence of our architects. Many of the drawings were models of draughtsmanship. Not only were the elevations carefully studied, but all the various details of floor plans, seating accommodation, sanitary and heating arrangements, etc., have been worked out with unwearied patience and care. Viewed either as a collection of handsome pictures, or as a series of elaborate studies in practical construction, the exhibition was unique.

The committee of award, after careful deliberation, allotted the prizes as follows: No. 1, "Square," prize $250; ARTHUR T. MATTHEWS, Oakland, California. No. 2, "Agaius," prize $125; SAMUEL F. THAYER, 40 Water Street, Boston, Massachusetts. No. 3, "Sanitation," prize $75; H. C. KOCH & Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. No. 4, "Fiat Lux," prize $50; R. G. KENNEDY, 735 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. No. 5, "Try"; H. E. SITER, 28 State Street, Boston. No. 6, "Durum Patentia Frango"; F. C. MERRY, 111 Broadway, New York. No. 7, "Sanitary School"; FREDERICK BAUMANN, Chicago. No. 8, "Oxford"; W. P. WENTWORTH, 8 Exchange, Boston, Massachusetts. No. 9, "Qui-tam"; CLARENCE SUMNER LUCE, 257 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. No. 10, "Pro Bono Publico"; J. APPLETON WILSON, 52 Lexington Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

In their accompanying report the committee distinctly state that they "do not recommend the plans to which they have given awards as being the best designs for a school building, but only as the best plans for a school building to be built in a huge box lacking one side and without a top, the sides of which box are about sixty feet high, which seem to be the conditions under which school buildings have been erected in New York, and in which from 1500 to 2500 children have been crowded."

In conclusion, they express the hope "that those interested in the sanitary welfare of New York will give their attention to this problem, which, to be properly solved, will require some legislation and a change in the present methods of selecting school sites and of erecting school buildings."

Their report, which contains the grounds of their decision, with a statement in detail of the qualifications which in their view are needed in a public-school building, is published in the current issue of *The Sanitary Engineer*, and in succeeding issues the ten selected designs will appear.

The illustrations on page 172 represent portions of the first and second prize plans. In each case the supply of air and light is obtained from a rear interior court occupying nearly a third of the whole site. In the plan "Square" there are large openings from the front into this interior court, so that a free circulation of air is insured. The arrangement of the assembly-room is novel, and insures abundant light to the class-rooms above, as well as perfect isolation.

The plan "Agaius" is carefully studied, and also has many excellent features. In both plans the sanitary arrangements are placed in the basement, which is open to objection. The general arrangement, however, including the location of the class-rooms, seats, teachers' rooms, wardrobes, halls, and stairways is so good as to balance this deficiency, which might easily be remedied.

KEEPING THE HOUSE CLEAN.

IT is much to be regretted that the classes of society which should be an example of intelligence to the less educated, understand and study so little the cleansing and washing of their dwellings. Without dipping too deeply into the vexed waters of Sanitary Reform, we may in a short article bring a few facts and suggestions to the minds and memories of our readers that may prove useful.

The art of washing one's house includes many methods of cleansing independent of soap and water. The very atmosphere of it requires washing, by streams of fresh air being continually admitted to sweep away impure gases, which would otherwise congregate and engender disease. The expression of "a healthy mind in a healthy body" can hardly be effectually fulfilled unless the healthy body is in a healthy house.

All great reforms have, in times past and present, always run to extremes in their first developments, and thus we see in sanitary matters that the use of disinfectants has become almost an abuse. Many people who notice an offensive drain odor in their houses are quite satisfied that, having put down the usual powders and disinfecting fluids, they have cured the evil. We can not too strongly and forcibly bring to the notice of all intelligent persons that it is worse than useless to use one disagreeable odor to cover up another, with the idea of curing it—you do not cure the evil, you but ignore it—and for all time it should be a proverb, applied morally, socially, politically, and last but not least, physically, that no evil is ever cured by being ignored.

Therefore do not place carbolic powder boxes, nor sprinkle chloride of lime, etc., where your drain openings exist, merely to distract your nose's attention from the sewer gas which is issuing from some leaking pipe or choked trap; by so doing you but ignore nature's warning, that, like the premonitory smoke and rumblings of a volcano, advises you of the eruption of the disease to come.

Remember, first of all, that fresh air and fresh water are the supreme king and queen of disinfectants; these being pure, and bountifully used, you will not need to employ chemicals, except in the case of infectious and contagious illnesses.

To insure the air-washing or ventilation of your house, look to the state of your ventilators, if you have any, that they are kept in repair and perfect working order. If unprovided with these inventions, make your own by keeping your windows opened both top and bottom, if only the width of an inch, day and night.

People who sleep with their doors and windows tightly shut, wonder why they get up in the morning feeling weary and unrefreshed, as if they needed more sleep, or had sat up late the night before. The explanation is very simple. They have been breathing air vitiated with the organic matter they throw off from their lungs during their sleep, and are to a certain extent poisoned.

The poor are very slow to believe this; they think you will kill them with cold if you propose to open a window. Teach them that fresh air must never mean a draught; that if the cold or weather is too severe to have their bedroom window open and the door shut, then *faute de mieux* they must open the door; but the window, if possible, is always better, as rooms ventilated from the house have in the air frequently a certain amount of sewer gas.

We turn now to the other great necessary of health—water—as important to the well-being of the house as of the individual. Supposing that your supply is good, take care that the tap from which you draw your drinking water is the nearest to the main, so that it comes straight in from the street, and is always fresh. Allow no one in the house to drink from any other tap, as water-pipes are often laid near those from which sewage gas can arise, and in any case contain water which has either stood in a cistern or remained in them for some time, and is therefore unwholesome. Few people realize that water "goes bad" by keeping, as certainly as milk does. Never drink water which has stood uncovered in a closed or sleeping room all night; it is thoroughly impure.

Look to your cisterns, and have them cleaned out (and scrubbed when not made of lead) at frequent and stated times, so that soot and dirt shall not collect in them and poison your water. See that all sinks and traps to waste-water pipes are kept thoroughly free from any kind of impurities, such as hair, tea leaves, grease; nay, go even further, and discover whether your waste-pipes have been blocked by extraneous matter, which often happens, as there are few servants who do not look upon them as metal boa-constrictors capable of digesting anything. Of course the mischief may be even deeper down, quite in the drains, but do not let this daunt you, nor hesitate to have the floors of your kitchen or the flags in the yard taken up, and the evil thoroughly investigated.

It has been suggested that a skilled, intelligent plumber should be employed by the authorities to occasionally go the round of every house, taking special and personal charge of the sanitary matters connected therewith. This would greatly relieve householders, who, with the best desire, rarely understand drainage and sanitary systems enough to detect a flaw quickly. The best plumbers, too, have yet much to learn; but, as a body, they are acquiring the necessary knowledge as quickly as can be expected. After this long chat about air and water, we come at last to house scrubbing and washing.

All yards, kitchens, and passages in the basement should be whitewashed at least twice a year, and the paint well cleaned or renewed at intervals. If a room is to be cleaned as it should be, the floor must be scrubbed, the paint washed, and the walls brushed with a strong feather broom. For scrubbing, the servant should have a pail of clean hot water in which some soda has been melted, a new piece of house flannel, and a clean scrubbing-brush: you can never make anything clean with dirty implements. Should the floor not be very dirty, ordinary soap rubbed on the brush will be sufficient; but if a great cleaning is required, use soft-soap on the brush instead. Take the flannel to rinse off the soap, wringing it each time to dry the floor. The great secret of good floor-washing is never to do the whole room with the same water, but change it two or three times in a small room, and more frequently in a large one. It is very difficult to impress servants with the necessity of this, as they like to make the same water, as well as other things, serve many purposes. Soft soap is apt to leave an offensively "washy" smell afterward sometimes; this will soon pass if the windows are opened and a free current of air admitted. To wash paint, which is done best with very little soda in the water, the servant should be careful to begin at the bottom of the door or wall, etc., as any little streams that run down make none of the marks on a wet surface that they do on a dry one. Take a clean chamois-leather, wrung out in fresh water, to dry it.

Too much care can not be bestowed on keeping house-washing implements clean. Pails should be always scalded every morning, put out in the air, and scoured with salt and sand, or salt and turpentine, followed by a copious rinsing once a week, especially toilet pails. Never allow a pail to be used for any other purpose than that for which it is intended. Keep each to its own special use. The scrubbing-brush, too, needs attention, and unless kept clean will smell. Have it well rinsed, and all hair and pieces of flannel fluff picked out of it every time after using. Cloths and washing flannels must be thoroughly rinsed in separate waters, and hung out in the open air to dry. Never permit them to be mixed together at any time, nor the same cloth or flannel to be used for two different purposes.

Thus far we have but mentioned the simplest rules and means of common house cleaning and washing—rules the disobedience of which will bring its own punishment, and means which are within the power of every one. Illness makes us, however, still more on our guard, for life depends often on the care we take at such times, and this is not always realized. If a room has to be washed during illness, it should be done with carbolic soap, chloride of lime, or a strong solution of copperas in the water. Place small basins of disinfecting fluid, diluted according to given directions, about the sick-chamber, and put some in every vessel that has to remain in the room. If the air is offensive, some aromatic vinegar, or stalks of dried lavender burned on hot cinders and wafted around, will sweeten it; but it is better to admit fresh air if possible. Clothes which have to be removed from a room where a contagious or infectious complaint exists must be sprinkled with disinfectants before being sent to the wash, and due notice must *always* be given to the laundress. The same treatment must be pursued with all household linen and bedding after an illness: every bed and pillow used by invalids should be opened, the cover washed in disinfectant water, and the feathers, hair, or wool stuffing thoroughly fumigated. In some cases it is even advisable to burn and entirely destroy them, but of this the sanitary officers are the best judges.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THEY were sitting together Sunday evening, with an album or two between them, when she pleasantly asked, "How would you like to have my mother live with you?" In just fifteen seconds he had his hat down half way over his face, and was bolting through the gate.

* * *

The man who owns a fine gold collar button with a diamond set in the centre always considers it cooler and more comfortable to go without a neck-tie.

* * *

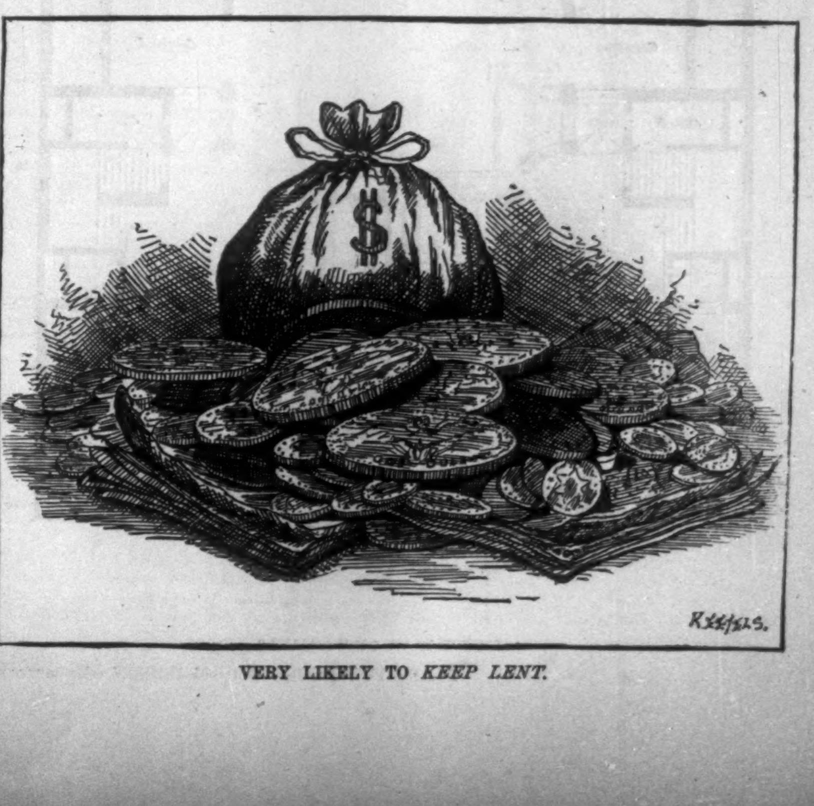
A man's character may be so high that his unsupported testimony would send a fellow-being to the gallows, and yet he can't find more than one man in two hundred who will believe his statement as to the weight of a pickerel he caught.

* * *

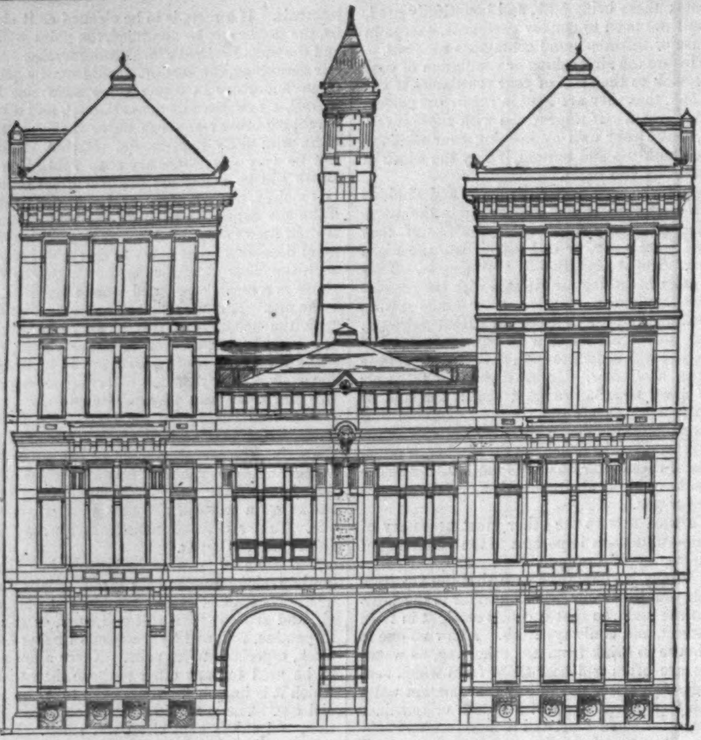
There is no pleasing some people. A paper states that during the speech of Searles under the scaffold some one among the spectators cried out, "Louder!"

* * *

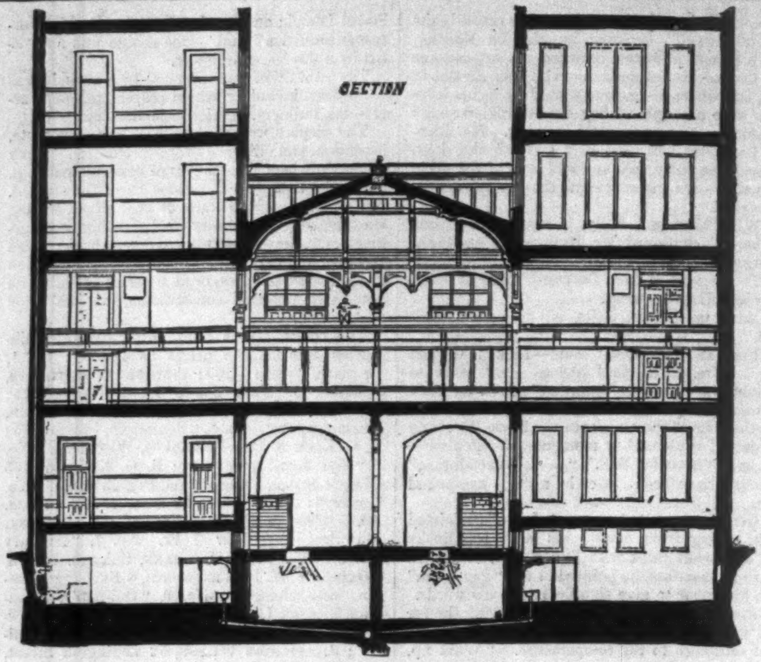
"Why am I made a sandwich?" said young Snobson, plaintively, as a lady sat down on either side of him in the horse-car. "Because we are better bred than you are," said one of the damsels, sweetly, and Snobson mustard courage to squeeze out to the platform.



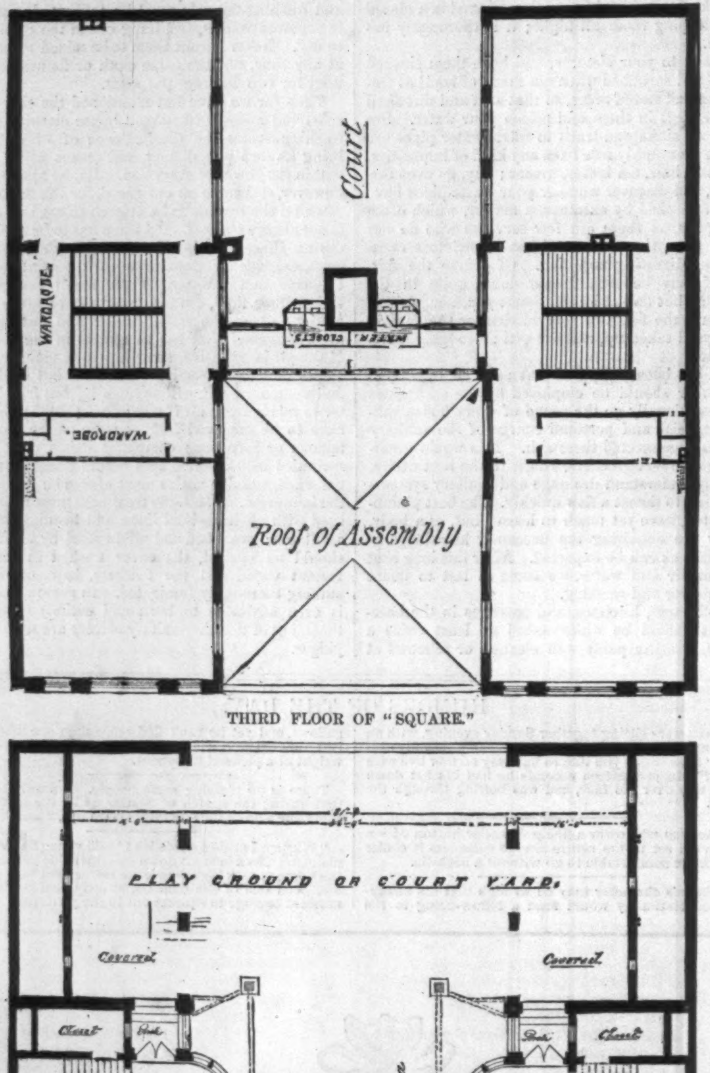
VERY LIKELY TO *KEEP LENT.*



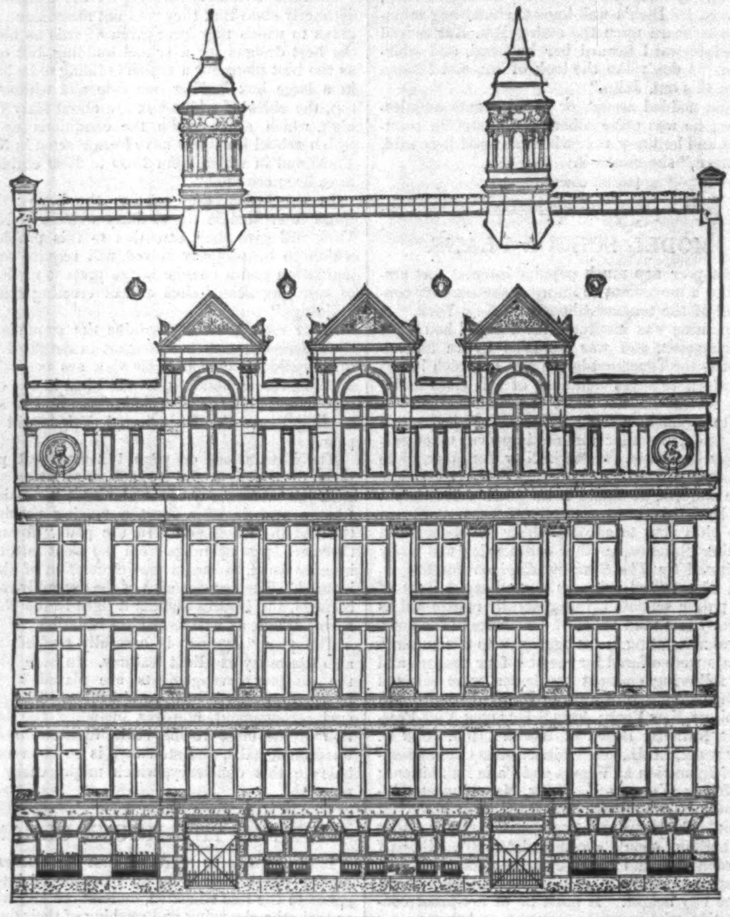
MODEL MARKED "SQUARE"



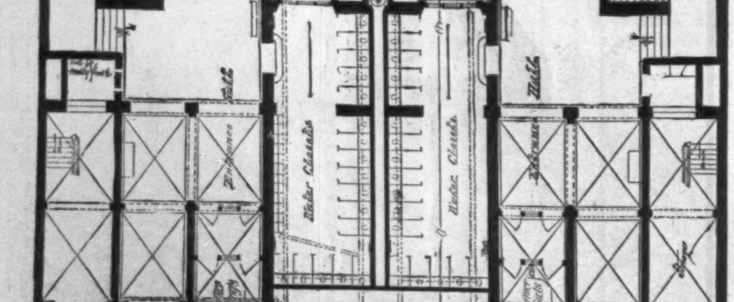
SECTIONAL VIEW OF "SQUARE."


Court
WARDROBE
WARDROBE
WATER CLOSETS
Roof of Assembly

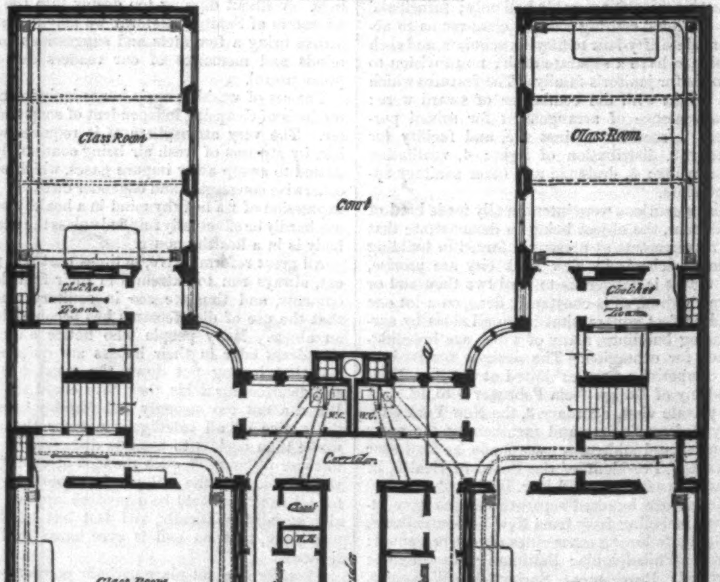
THIRD FLOOR OF "SQUARE."



MODEL MARKED "AGAIUS."

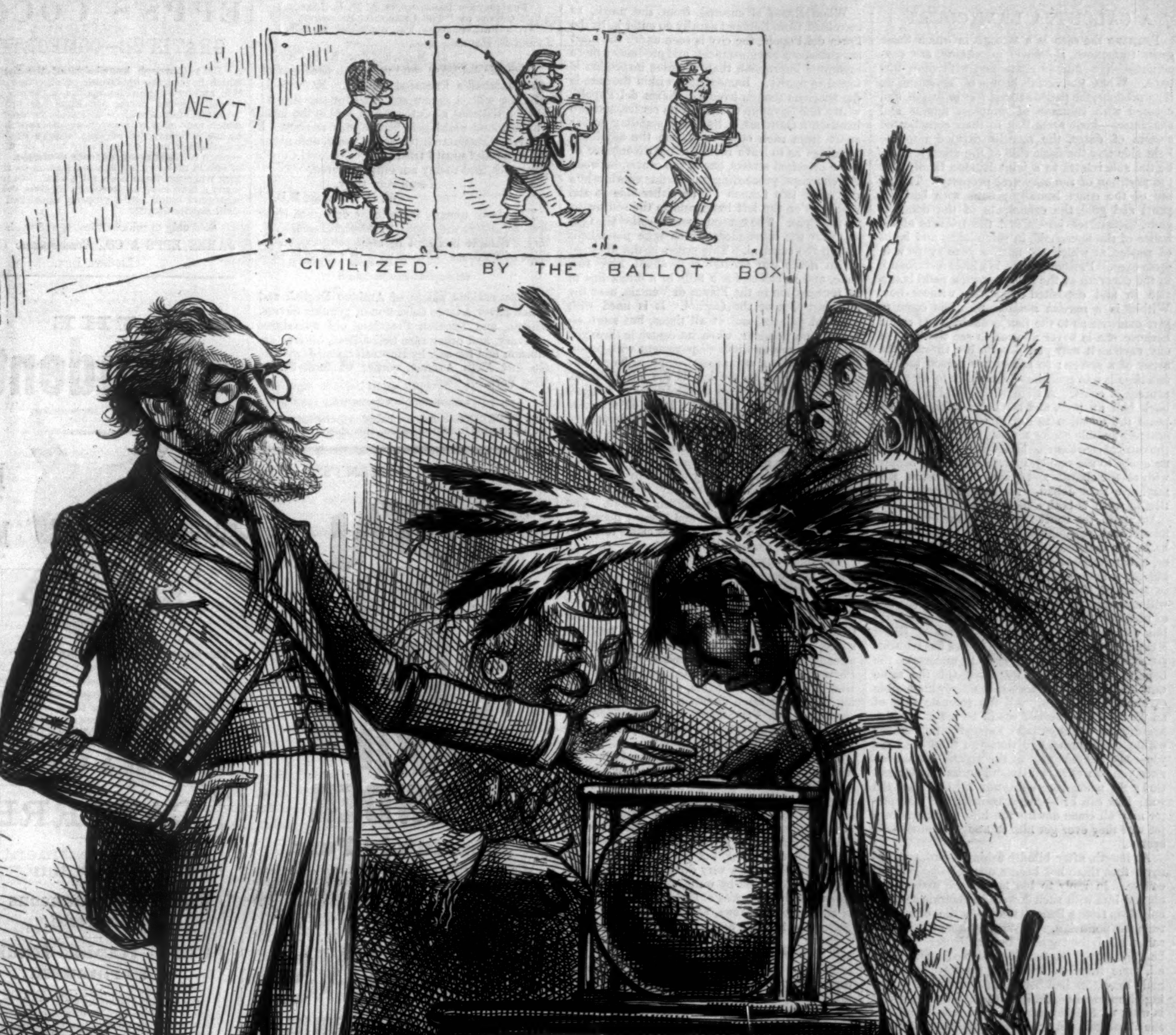

PLAY GROUND OR COURT YARD
Covered
Covered
Closet
Closet
Hall
Hall
Water Closets
Water Closets

BASEMENT PLAN OF "AGAIUS."


Class Room
Class Room
Court
Clothes Room
Clothes Room
Corridor
Principal's Room
Corridor
Class Room
Class Room

SECOND FLOOR OF "AGAIUS.

PLANS FOR MODEL SCHOOL-HOUSES.—DESIGNED FOR THE "SANITARY ENGINEER" COMPETITION.—[SEE PAGE 171.]


NEXT!
CIVILIZED BY THE BALLOT BOX
MISUSE IT AND YOU WILL SUFFER.
THE BALLOT THE GREAT PROTECTOR OF THE AGE.
Th. Nast

GIVE THE NATIVES A CHANCE, MR. CARL.

THE CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST WAY OF CIVILIZING THEM.

A CALCUTTA LAW COURT.

Perhaps the case is a dispute, in which those great traffickers, Marwarie merchants, are concerned—olive-skinned gentlemen with pink turbans. What wonderful books of accounts do they produce, the pages several feet in length, and covered with columns of minutest figures and characters—kept according to their complicated system of dates, the months divided into the light side and the dark side of the moon! May-be the suit relates to a joint Hindoo family, and the partition of the ancestral property. The table of the court literally groans with barbaric pearl and gold, the ornaments of the domestic gods, themselves jewels, and the trinkets of the ladies of the household, in value lakhs and lakhs of rupees, at which the natives gaze agape with open eyes. Presently there is a little disturbance in the decorum of the proceedings, a palki is carried in and deposited near the witness-box. Within is a *purdah nasheen*, who has come to give evidence as to the family affairs, thus called because she is never allowed to see the light of day, save as it may percolate to her through the arras of a screen; so sacred her person that at one time it was considered inviolable to even the process of court. A slide of the palki is pushed back half an inch, and the court interpreter repeats the question to her, in response to which scarcely audible comes a voice, still and small as the voice of conscience. Fancy is at play, and false no doubt to the reality, invests the veiled beauty with all the charms and graces of a Krishna Komari or a Noor Jehan. An Indian court of justice, in truth, is both a picture and a poem.

Or, again, the court is sitting in the exercise of its criminal jurisdiction, the judge in awful scarlet on the bench, behind an iron rail, the prisoner, a cowering cooly, with matted locks, naked but for a loin cloth, with hands, palms together, in front of his face—a supplicatory attitude he will maintain for hours on end without a shadow of turning, He has hacked his mistress to little bits with a dhow, or bill-hook, that is all. Being a capital case, the Clerk of the Crown has requested some unfortunate advocate to undertake the hopeful defense. The witnesses (of the same rank in life as the accused) are utterly impossible of cross-examination. All the forensic skill of an Erskine or a Follett would be set at naught. Inquire as to any little natural circumstance within their knowledge that you think may aid you—say, the darkness of the night. All the answer you can elicit will be, "You had better ask God; He made the night, not I. God can tell you; how can I?"—judge, counsel, and interpreter may all come down upon him together, not a jot will they ever get him to budge from that response.

At length, after blindly fishing about, you discover that there has been a quarrel—jealousy, of course. In reply to his taunts, the woman had abused him with such flowers of rhetoric as could only drop from a Bengali tongue, or that of an Australasian politician. That is nothing; she had assailed his father, a little better; better still, she had not spared his female relatives; and, best of all, some fourteen or fifteen generations of female ancestors had been embraced in her sweeping vituperation. To have his female kin vilified is what no Hindoo can be expected to stand, and the abuse gains in force the further back it reaches. Happy cooly with a long pedigree! The jury find that there has been that grave and sudden provocation that reduces the offense to culpable homicide not amounting to murder.

THE STREETS OF ROME.

When the streets and roadways of Rome are spoken of they are called *Vias*. The facilities for public traffic between the different parts of the city were long neglected, and the streets having been rebuilt after the great conflagration without any regular plan, were crooked and inconvenient. But as soon as the nation found itself in possession of funds available for works of public utility, the streets, roads, and bridges were taken in hand, and methods of construction adopted, the solidity and massive strength of which were as unrivalled as those of Roman masonry in general. Tolls for repairs were taken on most of these for a considerable time. The construction of all such public works was very substantial and enduring. The leading thoroughfares were particularly so, and even the side ways were costly. The streets inside the city were paved with lava, and the roads outside the walls were laid with gravel; but afterward, so far as can be ascertained, all the consular roads were paved with stone.

Besides the central causeway, a Roman road or street had, in general, a raised footway on each side, about four inches high, edged either with slabs of basaltic lava or squared stones. The construction of tunnels, viaducts, and aqueducts does not come within the design of this article. These were works of a gigantic character, and their ruins bear testimony to the wealth and the power of those mighty men who erected them.

The Via Nationale is one of the old streets with a new name. The buildings on either side of it are in ruin, while the street itself is in good condition, side pavement and all. The immense heaps of hewn stone, which flank the sides of it, and shut up its end, are being gradually removed by the government, and the Via Nationale will ere long be decked out in palatial surroundings instead of the relics of former grandeur.

Not far from this old street, though not quite in it, are the remains of the mansion of the Christian senator Pudens, who is mentioned by the Apostle Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy: "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren." Pudens is said to have entertained the apostle, and also Luke, "the beloved physician," in the now desolate and subterranean vaults of his ancient residence.

When Rome is entered from the north, as travellers from England usually do enter it, by the Porta del Popolo, the city is seen under the most advantageous circumstances, and produces a more favorable impression than a closer inspection is found to justify. Immediately within the gate is the spacious though irregular Piazza del Popolo, with a fine Egyptian obelisk in its centre, and two handsome churches in its front, standing so far apart from each other and from the adjoining buildings as to leave room for the divergence of three principal streets, one in the centre, between the churches, proceeding almost due south, while the other two branch off on either side to the southeast on the left hand, and to the southwest on the right. The central street is called the Corso, from the horse-races which take place in it during the carnival. This street is the finest of which Rome can boast. It is about fifty feet wide, and stretches for a mile in a direct line to its termination in the Piazza di Venizia, near the northern foot of the Capitol. It is lined with splendid palaces, and at all times, but more especially on holidays, when its centre is thronged with carriages, and its side pavement with pedestrians, presents a very animated appearance. The diverging street on the left is the Via Babuino. It proceeds first directly to the Piazza di Spagne, and thence to the Quirinal. It is of tolerable width and considerable length, and contains a large number of handsome edifices. The whole of the city to the east end of this street, and in the triangular space included between it and the Corso, being situated on the high ground above the Campus Martius, is airy and healthy, and is usually selected for residence by English visitors. The number of private palaces and elegant mansions which it contains also justifies its claim to be regarded as the aristocratic quarter.

The other diverging street on the right of the Piazza del Popolo is the Via Ripetta. It pursues a course nearly parallel, and in parts almost close, to the river; and though neither so elevated in its site nor so pretentious in its appearance as the Corso and Via Babuino, is decidedly a very fine street. Several other streets intersecting those already mentioned, more especially the Strada di Porta Pia, stretching westward for nearly a mile from the gate of that name, and another following nearly the same direction, under the successive names of Via Sistina, Via Felice, and Via delle Quatro Fontane, are well built, and of importance as leading thoroughfares.

The streets are generally narrow and ill paved, with small blocks of lava, and are usually without side pavement. This is particularly the case in the district of San Eustachio, which is in the heart of the Campus Martius, and filled with streets of shops and manufactories. So is it also in the districts of Ponte, and in San Angelo in Pescheria. Chiefly in this latter, but partly also in that of Regda adjoining, is a very dirty locality called the Ghetto, surrounded by walls, and entered by two gates, which are locked at night by the police. It is allotted to the Jews, and contains their synagogue, council-hall, and public schools.

Rome is undergoing a rapid transformation, and its deserted, ruined streets and filthy, crowded courts and alleys will soon be no more. In former times what an immense amount of traffic must have passed over these roadways! And they are rapidily assuming the aspect of long by-gone times.

Amongst the cities of Europe, Rome is perhaps almost unique in the relics of a remote antiquity which stand shoulder by shoulder with the creations of yesterday. The triumphal arches, for instance, which span some of the thoroughfares, are most interesting memorials of a day when brute force—but force directed by a mighty and overmastering intellect—conquered nearly the whole world, only again to lose it when luxury and vice had effeminated the national character. Of these edifices the most important is the Arch of Titus, commemorating the triumph of that emperor over the Jews. It was erected, or at least completed, after the death of the monarch, as is shown by the epithet *Divo* ascribed to him. It consists of a single arch of Grecian marble of exquisite proportions, with fluted columns on each side. A well-known frieze gives it its special interest and value. It represents a triumphal procession with captive Jews, the silver trumpets, the tables of shewbread, and the golden candlestick with the seven branches. The candlestick itself is said to have been thrown into the Tiber from the Milvian Bridge on the occasion of the battle between Maxentius and Constantine. Should the proposal to turn the course of the Tiber be carried into effect, it is not impossible that this precious relic may yet be recovered.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., *Jan.* 30, 1880.
Messrs. Morgan & Allen, 59 John St., N. Y. City:

Gentlemen,—For the past year the increased demand for "Constitution Water" warrants my buying it in larger quantities. I have been buying it in Philadelphia. I tell you candidly I sell at least four bottles of "Constitution Water" to one of all the other advertised Kidney remedies. I have used your article myself, and have received so much benefit from it that I recommend it with the utmost confidence. Two of our physicians recommend it. Please give me your lowest gross price—cash to accompany the order.

Yours truly, William Tuck, Druggist.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

For all purposes the genuine Asbestos Liquid Paints are not only the best but, owing to their superior durability, they are the most economical paints in the world. H. W. Johns M'f'g Co., 87 Maiden Lane, Sole Manufacturers.—[*Com.*]

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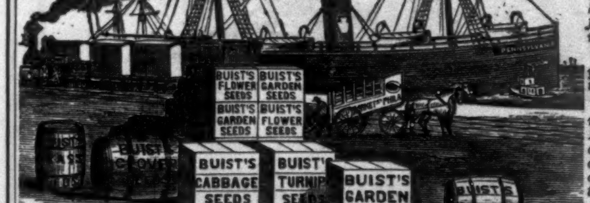

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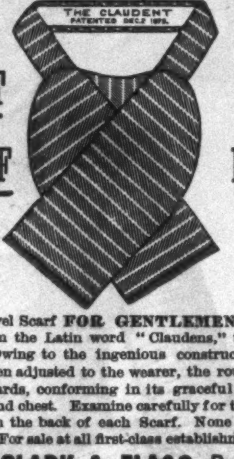

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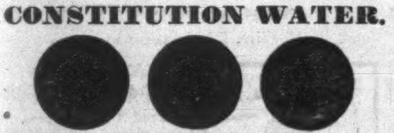

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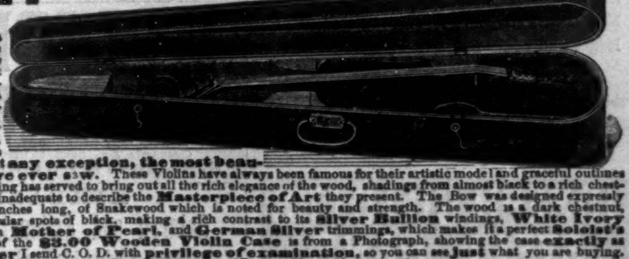

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